



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF  
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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## CUMORAH AND THE NEPHITE RECORD.

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"Convenient to the village of Manchester, Ontario County, New York, stands a hill of considerable size, and the most elevated of any in the neighborhood. On the west side of this hill, not far from the top, under a stone of considerable size, lay the plates, deposited in a stone box. This stone was thick and rounding in the middle on the upper side, and thinner towards the edges, so that the middle part of it was visible above the ground, but the edge all round was covered with earth.

"Having removed the earth, I obtained a lever, which I got fixed under the edge of the stone, and with a little exertion raised it up. I looked in, and there indeed did I behold the plates, the Urin and Thummim, and the breasplate, as stated by the messenger. The box in which they lay was formed by laying stones together in some kind of cement. In the bottom of the box were laid two stones crossways of the box, and on these stones lay the plates and the other things with them.

"I made an attempt to take them out, but was forbidden by the messenger, and was again informed that the time for bringing them forth had not yet arrived, neither would it, until four years from that time, but he told me that I should come to that place precisely in one year from that time, and that he would there meet with me, and that I should continue to do so until the time should come for obtaining the plates. Accordingly, as I had been commanded, I went at the end of each year, and at each time I found the same messenger there, and received instruction and intelligence from him at each of our interviews, respecting what the Lord was going to do, and how and in what manner his kingdom was to be conducted in the last days."—JOSEPH SMITH, *History of the Church*, pp. 15, 16.





From a painting by L. A. Ramsey

### "TRUTH SHALL SPRING OUT OF THE EARTH"

This painting by Mr. Ramsey is likely to prove as great a success as did his portrait of Joseph Smith, a steel engraving of which appeared in the ERA of December, 1910. It represents the angel Moroni delivering the sacred plates of the Book of Mormon to the young prophet, September 22, 1827. Competent critics assert that Mr. Ramsey has shown more versatility in this picture than in any of his other successes. The artist was aided by suggestions from Elder B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy, in making the picture historically correct. An angel, or messenger from God, according to the belief of the Latter-day Saints is either a resurrected person of flesh and bone, or the spirit of a just man made perfect. The ideal has perhaps been more nearly reached in this portrait than in any other ever attempted. When the plates were delivered, Cumorah, though now completely denuded, was covered with trees.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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## Preparation for Missionary Life

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BY JAMES G. DUFFIN, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL STATES  
MISSION

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Every young man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints not physically or otherwise incapacitated, who has had the proper home environment, looks forward to the time when he will have the privilege of taking a mission to the world. This is a proper desire and is as it should be in every family of the Church, for the Lord has restored the gospel and has placed upon the members of the Church the responsibility of administering it to his children upon this earth. With a full understanding that they are accountable to him for the faithful performance of this duty, it is but natural that those who clearly understand their position should feel anxious about the preparation that should be made to enable them to efficiently perform the duties of messengers of eternal life.

Each succeeding year the demand for capable missionaries is increasing. New fields are continually being opened, and opportunities for the teaching of the gospel among all classes of people were never greater than at the present time. This condition in the various missions is most encouraging and should stimulate the members of the Church to greater exertion to meet this increasing demand for the spread of the principles of the gospel of our Lord. Upon whom rests the responsibility of preparing our young men for this important work, for preparation there most certainly should be? In a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith, November, 1831, the Lord says:

"And again, inasmuch as parents have children in Zion, or any of her stakes which are organized, that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of the hands when eight years old, the sin be upon the heads of the parents.

"For this shall be a law unto the inhabitants of Zion, or in any of her stakes which are organized;

"And they shall also teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord."—Doc. and Cov. 68:25-28.

It will thus be seen that, primarily, the responsibility is placed upon the parents. There are the best of reasons for this. It is a well established fact that the strongest characters in the Church—the men who have the greatest influence upon their fellows for the salvation of their souls—are those who through careful home training have led clean and wholesome lives and have lived up to the requirements of the gospel from their childhood. The importance of the early training of those who are to be God's messengers will more fully appear, when we consider that they are to be ministers, not of the "letter" only, but of the "spirit" of the gospel.

This "spirit," the real converting power in the missionary's work, cannot be taken on at will. It is obtained only by a life devoted to God's holy purposes. An elder may be able to reason well, present the doctrines of the gospel in a clear, logical manner, but if he is unable to touch the hearts of his hearers, his speaking will avail but little for their salvation. Who has not, in listening to some humble elder speaking under the influence of the Holy Spirit, felt a warm glow permeate his whole being, its influence touch his heart, humble his spirit, enlighten his mind, give him renewed determination to live a better life, and cause his soul to go out in gratitude to his Father in heaven for his merciful plan of salvation? It is just this influence the true missionary exercises upon the minds and hearts of his hearers, and that brings them to repentance and to an obedience to the gospel plan.

But the work of preparation is not to be confined to the home. Here the foundation is laid. Upon this the superstructure is to be built by the quorums of the priesthood, and the work of such other institutions as have been organized for the growth and development of the members of the Church, both spiritually and intellectually.

Again, the writer desires to call the attention of our young men to this fact: That although the Lord requires parents to teach their children the principles of eternal life and to give them a training in the things of God, and the Church to provide ways and means for the intellectual and spiritual growth of its members, every intelligent being who has reached the years of accountability has his agency, for the exercise of which he must give an account to his Maker. In the exercise of this agency every young man should be united with his parents and the priesthood for the development of every grace and power of mind, spirit, and body, that he might thereby be truly fitted for the great



work entrusted by Deity to his people. The young elder who has taken this course at home never fails when he gets into the mission field.

But what of this mission? What is it he has to present that is of such importance to the world that the elder will leave his home and all that are dear to him, his business affairs, and, without financial compensation, bearing his own expenses, spend years of his time in this work? He goes to the world as a witness that Jesus is the Christ and that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the living God, with the message of a new dispensation given to man, of the fulness of the gospel restored, of the priesthood brought to earth with the keys and powers thereof, having authority to organize and build up the Church of the Lord and to administer the sacred ordinances of the gospel, to present three new volumes of scripture, with a call to repentance and warning of judgments to come. To get a comprehensive understanding of that which has been revealed concerning these truths, to prepare himself to present them so that they will appeal to the reason and judgment of his hearers, and to be able to maintain his position by evidence, is an important part of the preparation of the elder for missionary labor. Concerning the teaching of these truths the Lord, in a revelation to Joseph Smith, given Feb. 9, 1831, says:

"And again, the elders, priests, and teachers of this Church shall teach the principles of my gospel, which are in the Bible and the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fulness of the gospel;

"And they shall observe the covenants and Church articles to do them, and these shall be their teachings, as they shall be directed by the Spirit;

"And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the power of faith, and if ye receive not the Spirit, ye shall not teach.

"And all this ye shall observe to do as I have commanded concerning your teaching, until the fulness of my scripture is given.

"And as ye shall lift up your voices by the Comforter, ye shall speak and prophesy as seemeth me good;

"For, behold, the Comforter knoweth all things, and beareth record of the Father and the Son.—Doc. & Cov. 42:12-17.

At a later date the revelations contained in the Doctrine & Covenants were compiled and published, and this book, the Pearl of Great Price and the two books mentioned in the revelation above quoted, became the standard works of the Church. From these four volumes of scripture the elder can gain a most comprehensive knowledge of that which has been revealed for the salvation of the human family.

But it is urged that the missionary cannot use scripture from the Doctrine and Covenants, the Book of Mormon, or the Pearl of Great Price in speaking to those who are not of the Church, because they do not accept these books as authority, it is therefore

contended that the study of these books is not essential as a preparation for missionary labor. Without going into all of the reasons for urging our elders to become thoroughly acquainted with these books, the writer will say: The elder who gets his information direct from the revelations of the Lord always feels sure of his position, for he speaks of that which God has revealed, not merely of what some one "believes" or has taught, and his teaching is accompanied by a power that comes from knowledge gained first-handed.

A study of Church history is a very important part of this preparation of the missionary. Every missionary should be able to relate interestingly, and with proper attention to detail, the story of Joseph's first vision, the visits of the angel Moroni, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the priesthood, the organization of the Church, the migration of the Saints, the manner of laying out their cities and towns, their educational system and that provided for taking care of the poor, and many other subjects of history and practice of his people. What elder when speaking upon these events has not seen the apathy of his congregation give way to interest, coldness to cordiality, resentment to sympathy?

Having laid the foundation of his knowledge in the revelations of the Lord, the prospective missionary should explore other fields—science, literature, philosophy, history of nations, etc. The plan given by revelation is most broad and comprehensive. The writer cannot do better than quote it here:

"And I give unto you a commandment, that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom;

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand;

"Of things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and perplexity of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land, and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms."—Doc. & Cov., 88:77-79.

Now the object of this extensive course of study?

"That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you."—Verse 80.

The missionary should not lose sight of the fact that he goes out as a commissioned ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. His life, therefore, should be such as to maintain the dignity of His life. He, also, should not forget that the manner in which he conducts himself will be, to a very great extent, the measure



by which his people will be judged by those whom he meets during his labors abroad. His language should be chaste, his expressions temperate, but he should be fearless in meeting the opposition of those who oppose and misrepresent the great work of which he is a representative, and in presenting the truths of which he has prepared himself to be an advocate.

In closing, a few extracts from a letter by the writer to one of his sons performing missionary labor, might be of some interest to the elders in the "field":

January 22, 1911.

MY DEAR SON: Your letter of recent date was received in today's mail, and as I shall leave tomorrow morning to be absent from home a few days on business, I am taking this evening to write you.

Your position is right in not trying, in any manner, to mislead any one concerning the doctrines of the Church, and in not making any misrepresentations concerning the faith and teachings of the Latter-day Saints. Nor should any elder resort to subterfuge to meet opposition to the principles the Lord has revealed for the salvation of his children. Nothing of this kind is necessary in the work of our missionaries.

There may be times when it would not be wise to present advanced principles of the gospel to people who have not fully investigated our teachings, but this would not justify any elder in telling untruths concerning them. Why should any elder feel it necessary to tell untruths concerning that which God has revealed, forsooth, there are some who will not accept his revelations, and therefore oppose them. We do not expect all men to accept this gospel, any more than the farmer expects all seed that he plants to germinate and produce a crop. Truths must be taught as seeds must be planted before they can take root. This is our work, the responsibility of receiving or rejecting is upon those to whom the testimony is given.

I wish to impress upon you that in all of your work among the people, you should be frank and open if you will retain their confidence and good will. I am not afraid but that you will do this, but I write in this way, if possible, to make deeper the impression upon your mind the fact that nothing is to be gained by resorting to sophistry in presenting the things of God to our fellows or in the defense of them.

You write with regard to magazine articles with which the country has been flooded, about our people. Magazine articles do not always state our position correctly. More often it is mis-stated by them. I suggest, therefore, before you attempt to make any explanations of things published about our people or their faith, where you feel that you ought to do so to meet misrepresentation, that you first state the attitude of our people from *our* point of view. By taking this course you will be enabled to get the truth before the people and do much more good than by trying to explain away the garbled statements of vicious, or misinformed, or uninformed writers, as the case might be.

PROVO, UTAH

# The Parable of the Unwise Bee

BY DR. JAMES E. TALMAGE

Sometimes I find myself under obligations of work requiring quiet and seclusion such as neither my comfortable office nor the cozy study at home insures. My favorite retreat is an upper room in the tower of a large building, well removed from the noise and confusion of the city streets. The room is somewhat difficult of access, and relatively secure against human intrusion. Therein I have spent many peaceful and busy hours with books and pen.

I am not always without visitors, however, especially in summertime; for, when I sit with windows open, flying insects occasionally find entrance and share the place with me. These self-invited guests are not unwelcome. Many a time I have laid down the pen, and, forgetful of my theme, have watched with interest the activities of these winged visitants, with an after-thought that the time so spent had not been wasted, for, is it not true, that even a butterfly, a beetle, or a bee, may be a bearer of lessons to the receptive student?

A wild bee from the neighboring hills once flew into the room; and at intervals during an hour or more I caught the pleasing hum of its flight.\* The little creature realized that it was a prisoner, yet all its efforts to find the exit through the partly opened casement failed. When ready to close up the room and leave, I threw the window wide, and tried at first to guide and then to drive the bee to liberty and safety, knowing well that if left in the room it would die as other insects there entrapped had perished in the dry atmosphere of the enclosure. The more I tried to drive it out, the more determinedly did it oppose and resist my efforts. Its erstwhile peaceful hum developed into an angry roar; its darting flight became hostile and threatening.

Then it caught me off my guard and stung my hand,—the hand that would have guided it to freedom. At last it alighted on a pendent attached to the ceiling, beyond my reach of help or injury. The sharp pain of its unkind sting aroused in me rather pity than anger. I knew the inevitable penalty of its mistaken opposition and defiance; and I had to leave the creature to its fate. Three days later I returned to the room and found the

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\*For an earlier and briefer reference to this incident of the unwise bee, see the author's article "Lord of All" in the *IMPROVEMENT ERA*, Vol. XI, No. 10, August, 1908.

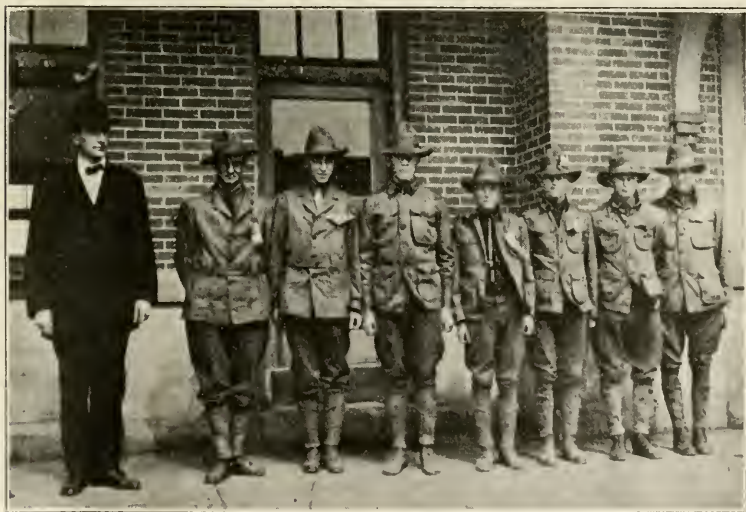
dried, lifeless body of the bee on the writing table. It had paid for its stubbornness with its life.

To the bee's short-sightedness and selfish misunderstanding I was a foe, a persistent persecutor, a mortal enemy bent on its destruction; while in truth I was its friend, offering it ransom of the life it had put in forfeit through its own error, striving to redeem it, in spite of itself, from the prison-house of death and restore it to the outer air of liberty.

Are we so much wiser than the bee that no analogy lies between its unwise course and our lives? We are prone to contend, sometimes with vehemence and anger, against the adversity which after all may be the manifestation of superior wisdom and loving care, directed against our temporary comfort for our permanent blessing. In the tribulations and sufferings of mortality there is a divine ministry which only the godless soul can wholly fail to discern. To many the loss of wealth has been a boon, a providential means of leading or driving them from the confines of selfish indulgence to the sunshine and the open, where boundless opportunity waits on effort. Disappointment, sorrow, and affliction may be the expression of an all-wise Father's kindness.

Consider the lesson of the unwise bee!

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." (Proverbs 3:5, 6).



M. I. A. JUNIOR CHORUS SCOUTS  
SUGAR CITY, IDAHO



# A Righteous Woman's Recompense

BY LELLA MARLER HOGGAN

## *I—The Divine Touch*

"Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!  
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
And the year smiles as it draws near its death."

"And you're really going away, Willard, to be gone all winter?" asked Ethel, for the third time.

"Yes," he laughed, "aren't you sorry to see me go?"

"Yes," hesitated Ethel, "I'm sorry, and I'm glad. We shall all miss you, of course; but a year at school will mean so much to you, that we are willing to forego the pleasure of your society for the winter."

"A year isn't much," he meditated. "Just enough to rub a little of the rust off that's been accumulating for the past four years. I had hoped to be able to go last year, but Jim left for his mission in the spring and father was sick all fall, and that put us late with the crops. We are fortunate this fall in getting through so early."

"More good management, than good luck, I guess," laughed Ethel. "You've certainly earned a vacation. But, Willard, what have you been doing, you don't look just like yourself?"

"Had a hair cut—the first one this summer," he said quietly.

"Oh, you foolish fellow! I'm in earnest. You really do look different, tonight."

"It's the moon," he said nonsensically. "Things always look different in the moonlight."

"Always," she reiterated, catching the note of humor in his voice. "Such a night as this is capable of almost any transformation. I feel like a child of ten, myself."

"I can't tell you how I feel, Ethel. My heart is so full of joy tonight, that I can't find words to express my feelings."

"I believe your joy is contagious," she smiled, "even the night birds are calling jokes to each other."

"That hoot owl, for instance," he retorted. "Poor, melancholy, old fellow! He has caught your spirit of ridicule, and is trying to jeer me out of my joy. But you're both failing utterly. I feel more joyous every moment. If I were only a boy of ten," he mused, "only a boy of ten."

She did not reply. She pulled a few crimson leaves from the tangle of vines on the porch and slowly tore them to bits. The big, handsome man arose from the porch steps and shook himself, and walked slowly down to the gate.

"If I were only a boy of ten," he repeated to himself, "then I could tell her. But I am not." His strong face was set in lines of determination. He stood silent. The harvest moon moved along its path of light. Some little animal scurried through the dead leaves. He bowed his head upon his arm, as he leaned against the gate post.

"Dear God," he whispered. "You know how it is. Save her if you can. But however it goes, help me to be a man."

He walked slowly back and sat down on the steps.

"Harvest moon, isn't it?" he said, simply. Ethel replied by asking some question concerning his school, whereupon the conversation drifted at once into a pleasant channel again. His face glowed with animation as he told her of his plans. Many little pleasantries passed between them, and the evening came to a close all too soon.

Ethel said good bye in her own frank, sweet manner, wishing him success in his work. Willard clasped her hand firmly, and replied to her good wishes with his usual whole-souled gladness. He turned to go—hesitated a moment—and then taking both her hands in his, he stooped and kissed them tenderly.

Ethel stood silent in astonishment. Had he asked her to wait for him she would not have been surprised. Had he kissed her in his usual frank manner she would not have wondered; but for Willard Taylor, so plain, and unconventional, and so altogether void of sentimental folly, to kiss her hands, seemed almost ludicrous. For a moment she was tempted to laugh outright. But she did not laugh. A strange, new joy was surging through her whole being. She clasped her hands together, she pressed them to her lips. She closed her eyes and recalled it all again, and again. That this big, clean, generous man,—who had been her play fellow since she was a child,—had reverently stooped and kissed her hands, was not a thing to be laughed at. She would cherish it in her memory, forever. Her pulses throbbed. Every fibre of her fresh young womanhood answered to the call of virtuous manhood that had been sent thrilling through her being by that sacred kiss. It was but a prophecy of all the blessings God held in store for her. She would keep her mind and body pure and sweet, in order that that prophecy might be completely fulfilled.

Perhaps there is no woman in the world who does not at some time in her life, feel the divine touch in her heart. It may be a picture or a bit of song, or a bird's call in the twilight, or a cloud kissing a purple mountain at dawn. Whatever it is, it

touches her heart with a strange thrill, as if a divine hand were upon her. For one holy moment, it is as if the curtains of eternity had been rent asunder and all things stood revealed. And then it is gone and she is on the earth again, and she remembers only the picture, or the song, or the painted landscape. But in her heart she knows that something has happened, somewhere, before the world was, and all unconsciously, she prays that it may happen again.

Ethel Barton had felt that divine touch, and though she could not explain it to herself, she felt that this night had revealed her comrade and old play fellow in a new light. And that he was to help her in the working out of her destiny here in the earth life.

And not until the next day did it dawn upon Ethel, that Willard Taylor had not in any way avowed himself her suitor. He had spoken no words of love to her. He had not even asked her to write to him. A mingled feeling of disappointment and wonder filled her heart. What did he mean? Willard was too honest to deceive any woman, of that she was certain, but if he held her sacredly in his heart, why had he not bound her by some promise. to be true to him? Why he had not done so, she could not tell. However, she would sacredly cherish the beautiful token that stood between them; it was more than a mere good bye.

And even as she vowed in her heart to be true to him, a shadow fell across her path, a light footstep was on the graveled walk, and looking up she encountered a stranger—a gentleman of refinement and polish, different from any man she had ever met before. In answer to his inquiry she directed him to the home of Mr. Johnson, one of the village school trustees. The stranger's deep, soft accent, his cultured speech, and his easy, graceful manner, together with the fact that he was in search of the clerk of the school board, confirmed to Ethel the fact that he was the new professor, who was to be principal of the school for the coming year.

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"Oh, fudge! Men are all alike," retorted Cecil Miller. "I wouldn't marry the best man on earth, unless he were handsome and wealthy."

"And gave you the opportunity," added Florence Lindsay.

"Opportunity?" ejaculated Cecil. "We make our own opportunities in this world. I think we can have anything we want, if we are willing to wait for it and pay the price, when it comes."

"Right you are," laughed Ethel Barton. "Cecil is forever in some good man's shadow. Emerson—this time, isn't it? 'What will you have?' quoth God, 'pay for it and take it.' I think she is fonder of the men who have become great and gone to heaven, than she is of the poor fellows struggling along here in the earth."



"Oh, I don't object to a man in a book," confirmed Cecil, "they don't have to be fed nor fussed over every half hour in the day. But when I undertake to cook for a reality, and do his washing, and mending, and housekeeping, and raise soldiers and senators for him, as a side issue,—believe me, I intend to look into his financial affairs first."

"Yes," drawled Florence Lindsay, "but if you find a man who is wealthy and handsome, take my word for it, he'll be mean and grouchy."

"I don't know," mused Cecil, "but I think if one should look long enough, and hard enough, the thing is possible. I really do believe we can get almost anything we desire in life, if we are willing to pay the price."

"Yes, but the things that we want the most are generally too expensive," remarked Florence Lindsay.

"Then you don't want them very badly," asserted Cecil. "Anything that isn't worth paying for, isn't worth having."

For a moment there was silence in the room, and all seemed to be intent upon their work. The Girls' Literary Club had held their meeting at Florence Lindsay's home. Having been previously invited to remain to supper, they had supplied themselves with art needle work and were spending the intervening time between literary work and supper in pleasant work and a little jolly gossip.

Ethel Barton broke the silence. "Well, Florence," she said, sweetly, "let us not turn this into a Quakers' meeting. I'm getting sleepy."

"I was trying to tell you about our new professor," Florence replied, "but Cecil interrupted me with her extravagant notions of marriage."

"I humbly beg your pardon," said Cecil, in mock gravity. "I am indeed full of regrets to know that I spoiled so good a story. By all means continue the tale of woe."

"Yes, indeed, we all want to hear more about him," urged several of the girls.

"And if Cecil interrupts you again," suggested Ethel Barton, "we shall appoint a sergeant-at-arms to escort her to the front porch until the story is finished."

"I shall be as dumb as a deaf hermit," vowed Cecil, nonsensically, at the same time placing her fingers over her lips with studied seriousness.

"Is he handsome?" "How old is he?" "Where is he from?" "Is he married?" "Is he sweet tempered or is he grouchy?" And thus the girls babbled on, asking questions too rapidly to be answered, until Ethel Barton interrupted them with, "Ladies, I believe Florence Lindsay has the floor. The chair will now hear from Miss Lindsay." And without further con-

sideration Florence continued her report of the new professor.

"Of course he is unmarried," remarked Florence, "or I should not be telling you anything about him. He isn't as young and handsome as some men I have known, but he is altogether lovely. I am sure you will all admire him as soon as you see him. He is rather quiet and serious and tender and kind and—well—I can't tell just how he is, only he is just right. When you are around where he is you feel as if you had to be awfully nice and sweet and quiet. He is so different from most men, that one is almost tempted to fall in love with him at first sight."

"I'm afraid," drawled Cecil Miller, in an aggravating tone, "that the sergeant-at-arms will have to escort me to the front porch."

Ethel Barton, who had assumed the responsibility of chairman arose quietly and with mock dignity appointed a sergeant-at-arms to escort Cecil to the porch. After a little more nonsense and laughter Florence continued:

"Of course, Mr. Gordon doesn't belong to our church; indeed, I do not think he belongs to any church, judging from the way he spoke to father last night. But I'm sure he's a perfect gentleman and mother says you can tell from his looks that he is a good man. Anyway, girls, I'm sure you will think he is the nicest fellow you ever met, when you do see him."

"Has the tale ended?" called Cecil from the porch. "I've lost my thimble and I shall have to come in to find it."

"I guess that's the end, Cecil, for I can hear mother and Louise calling the boys to supper," answered Florence.

Just then Mrs. Lindsay appeared in the doorway, and embroidery hooks and bits of work were hurriedly tucked into leather bags as the girls arose and stretched themselves and peeped into the several mirrors about the room to adjust their combs and curls.

"Where is Mr. Gordon?" asked Father Lindsay, as they all seated themselves at the table.

"He went down by the river for a drive, after school," answered Mrs. Lindsay, "and he has not yet returned."

"He said he would be back in an hour," muttered Florence, impatiently.

"You ought to have told him that Floss had company, Ma, and probably he'd have made it in time for supper," suggested Mr. Lindsay, jokingly.

"It is certainly too bad you didn't tell him, Mrs. Lindsay," said Cecil, mischievously. "I'm afraid we're all so disappointed that we shall not be able to eat any supper," whereupon she assisted herself to a generous helping of chicken.

"Oh well, he will be here before the girls leave, anyway," spoke Mrs. Lindsay assuringly.

They all laughed and chatted and ate heartily, as girls usually do at a good old-fashioned country supper; but although the meal was somewhat prolonged Mrs. Lindsay's new boarder did not appear. And shortly after supper the girls returned home laughing and chattering and joking half seriously about their disappointment at not meeting the new professor.

The girls had all gone except Ethel Barton. She lived two miles out of town and could not go until her brother called for her. And as the minutes lengthened into half hours she became more and more impatient.

"Something must be wrong," she ejaculated. "If he isn't here soon I shall not wait. It will not take me long to walk out home."

"You couldn't think of walking tonight, Ethel," objected Mr. Lindsay. "The wind is blowing and I'm afraid it's going to be a pretty rough night. If George doesn't get here soon, you'll have to wait till Gordon comes with the horse and let Parley take you out."

"Oh, I cannot wait much longer," said Ethel, emphatically. "I would sooner walk than to drive—after dark, anyway."

The truth of the matter was, Ethel did not fear the drive as much as she feared that Gordon would arrive and find her still there, waiting to meet him, as it were. The thought maddened her; he must not see her tonight. She did not want to meet him.

But before Mr. Gordon reached the place a neighbor called in to say that Ned Barton had had an accident and would not be coming for his sister.

"I knew something was wrong," reiterated Ethel. "Is it anything serious, Mr. Johnson?"

"I do not think so," he said, assuringly. "I didn't see Ned. Your father said he'd had a little accident and could not come for you tonight. And he asked me to call and tell you."

The Lindsays insisted on Ethel remaining over night, but she positively refused.

"No," she said, "Aunt Lucy doesn't feel well, and now that Ned is hurt she will need me. Besides, I could not content myself to stay without knowing more about the accident."

In her sympathy for her brother, Ethel had forgotten Mr. Gordon, but even as they spoke she heard the wheels of a vehicle in the back yard and she knew that at last he had come.

Mr. Lindsay heard the wheels, too, and he called to Mr. Gordon not to unhitch, as they wished to use the horse.

For a moment there was a pause and all was quiet, save a little flutter of dishes in the kitchen, as Mrs. Lindsay prepared the table for her boarder. And then Ethel Barton stood face to face with Prof. Eugene Gordon.



Of course, a formal introduction was made and some commonplace things were said, none of which Ethel remembered.

As for Gordon, he only knew that he had met a pure, beautiful woman. He heard Mr. Lindsay's explanations as to Ethel's predicament and at once settled all difficulties by emphatically announcing that he would drive out to Miss Barton's with her. He had been to supper, so they immediately departed. Gordon tried to be an agreeable companion, but they were both in a meditative frame of mind, and so conversation lagged. And more than once they found themselves silently watching the stars and listening to the wind as it rushed through the trees along the lane and galloped across the open fields in high glee.

When she thanked him at the door for his kindness, he said the pleasure was all his, and he hoped she would some day let him come in daylight so he could see her pretty home to advantage.

"It is beautiful in daylight," she replied looking at the hedge and the vine tangled porch, "and we shall all be glad to have you come when you wish."

And although they were both thinking about it, neither of them mentioned the fact that Prof. Gordon had already seen her home in daylight.

"I must not keep you from your brother," he finally said. "I know you are anxious to be with him." He took her hand lightly in his and bowed low,—for a moment she feared he was going to kiss her hand,—but no, he had raised his hat and was moving gracefully towards the gate. For a moment she contemplated his fine, symmetrical figure, his polished manners, his deep soft accents, his cultured face, his soft white hands—when before her, lounging on the porch steps she could see a big, plain man. "Had a hair cut—the first one this summer," he was saying—and again—"If I were only a boy of ten."

Ethel did not hear the front gate snap shut nor did she hear the sound of a horse's hoofs as Prof. Gordon drove down the long lane and out into the public road. She was held in the power of the divine touch. And all the sweetness of her fresh young womanhood went out to the man, who in memory, was reverently kissing her hands. She could not measure his manhood by his beauty, his polished manners, nor his cultured speech; for his was the manliness of virtue, of reverence, of power.

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Although Ned Barton was not seriously injured, still he was badly bruised, and was compelled to keep to his bed for several weeks. But brave-hearted Ethel Barton made no complaint. She remained at home quietly, nursing her brother, assisting Aunt Lucy, her step-mother, and comforting and helping her father, and her younger brothers and sisters. And all the while, her heart was full of glad dreams and happy plans for the future. It

was during those long autumn days at home that her father and step-mother told her of her dear, dead mother, who had passed away while Ethel was but a baby; and of her early life with her grandmother; and of many other experiences of which she had never before spoken freely with them. And although her time was so completely occupied with her home folks and home duties, still she did not complain. She would often tell Ned, jokingly, that it was a good thing he had been ill for a while, for it had given them all an opportunity of becoming acquainted, for the first time in their lives. She had been to town only a few times, but she had met Prof. Gordon on almost every occasion. Once he had sent a roll of magazines out to her father, again he had loaned her a choice book, and at their last meeting, he had insisted on her taking out some new musical selections, which he wanted her to assist him in presenting in a school concert, later in the year. All of these little courtesies coming from a man of his type and standing in the community gave Ethel a keen sense of pleasure. And although town gossip had informed her that he was the avowed escort of Florence Lindsay, still she felt a little thrill of triumph when he repeatedly bestowed his little remembrances upon her.

Finally, however, Ned was himself again, and Ethel's usual pleasures and duties were taken up with fresh enthusiasm. She and Ned had been invited to an evening social at the home of Cecil Miller and she had been requested to bring her music. She was carefully selecting a few titles she thought most appropriate for the evening, when Ned came bounding in from school.

"Here's a letter from Willard Taylor," he announced; "shall I read it first?"

"No, thank you," she smiled, "I think I can find time to read it myself." She took the letter from his hand and smiled again as she recognized the handwriting—strong and plain, but still somewhat of a scrawl. It was a jolly school letter; telling of his work and his fun and asking all about the affairs at home. At supper time she read it aloud to the family—all save the post script—that was sacred to her, for it read,—“Don't forget that night under the harvest moon.”

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They were a little late for the party but Cecil greeted them heartily as she met them in the hall.

"I am so glad you have come. We were afraid you were not coming and we have been needing you so badly."

"You are not going to put me to work so soon, are you?" laughed Ethel.

"I shall have to," persisted Cecil in desperation. "Neither Lucy nor George are here yet, and Florence brought only one piece of music."

"Oh, you're a treasure, Ethel!" she ejaculated, picking up the scroll of music that Ethel had tucked behind a potted palm. "I knew you wouldn't fail me."

The guests greeted Ethel cordially and at once began bombarding her with jests, for her long absence from them.

"You need not desert us completely," teased Fred Brown, "just because Willard Taylor has."

"You can see that she's guilty," added another, not giving her time to answer.

"Yes, I'm guilty of anything, everything, only, don't all attack me at once," laughed Ethel, glad to hide her blushes under the pretext of confusion.

When they were quiet Roy Hardy asked in an exasperating tone, "Well, Ethel, how is Willard, anyway?"

"He is feeling fine and enjoying his work," she said in an unconcerned tone; "I had a letter from him today."

Prof. Gordon moved uneasily in his chair. Florence Lindsay noticed it with a little pang of bitterness. But she lifted herself to the occasion and asked Ethel to sing for them. Ethel was glad to turn their thoughts to other channels, for it pained her to hear Willard's name spoken so lightly by her friends. He was not just the comrade of old; for she could never again forget that night under the harvest moon.

But she played and sang and acted like her dear, charming self, and no one knew that pretty Ethel Barton had found a new world.

Prof. Gordon entered into the games cheerfully but he was somewhat more reserved and quiet than usual.

Cecil Miller was a charming hostess and as usual was refreshingly humorous. After serving delicious refreshments she insisted on her guests remaining for a few games she had provided.

Ethel begged to be excused as she had promised to bring Ned home early, and Prof. Gordon declined to play, saying he would watch the games. But as soon as Ethel left the room the games lost their interest for him, and he went in search of her.

He found her in the dining room waiting for her brother to finish a game of checkers with Frank Miller.

"Miss Barton," he said, lightly touching her arm, "you are not going home, now?"

"As soon as Ned finishes this game," she replied, pleasantly.

"I must speak with you one moment first," he whispered. "Will you kindly step into Dr. Miller's study for just a moment?"

"Yes," she replied, and under the spell of his magnetic personality, she turned and followed him into the study.

"Little woman," he said, gravely, as soon as they were alone in the room, "how long are you going to make me wait for that promised visit with you at your home?"



"It is you who is waiting," she laughed. "I told you long ago you might come."

"That was when your brother was ill. That was an age ago."

Ethel smiled but moved uneasily toward the door.

"If it is not impertinent, Miss Barton," he pursued, "there is one question I would like to ask you before I come."

"Certainly, Prof. Gordon."

"Who is Willard Taylor?"

Ethel's heart fluttered at his unexpected question, but she calmly replied:

"My school fellow and comrade since I was a little girl of ten."

"And where is he, now?"

"He is away this winter," she said simply, "attending school."

"And now," he said, with a satisfied smile, "if you forgive my inquisitiveness, I'm going to make that date."

Ethel turned, half uneasily, toward the door.

"Yes, Miss Barton," he preceded her, "you must go now. And you will let me come out to your home to see you?"

"We shall be glad to see you."

"And you will not mind if I come soon?"

"No."

"Very soon?"

"Tomorrow, if you like."

"Thank you, little woman, and God bless you," he said; "good night."

He was holding her hand, and looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Good night," she said.

And then Prof. Gordon joined the guests in the reception room and Ethel Barton rode home with her brother under the radiant moon, in the cold, beautiful night.

## *II—The Price of Truth*

A feeling of sincere friendship and tender sympathy was established between Ethel Barton and Prof. Gordon; and during the remainder of the winter the little god of love held their destinies in the scales of prudence and conventionality. But when capricious spring came, bounding into her heritage, she not only laughed the hoary winter out of countenance, and set the world atremble and ablaze, but she also turned the gray mists into rose-colored veils of beauty and filled the atmosphere with sweet odors and glad music. The life of the earth was resurrected from its long death-like slumber; and out of the fulness of the rosy dawn, Cupid glinted his shafts anew and began his play of casting, with as much jovious gusto as if his game were as new as the early dawn instead of being as old as the ages. And the affairs of

lovers became romantic and fascinating and, sometimes, almost tragic. There were school parties, and class parties, and out-of-door socials, and canyon excursions; until old and young almost wearied of entertainments. The days were 'made to order,' until one morning spring grew freakish, and, forgetting all her gentlemanly manners, greeted the little village with a frowning countenance followed by a drenching of tears. Mud, of course, was the aftermath. Mud, sticky and black and deep in all the country roads and lanes and hollows. It was the darkest, muddiest night of the season, when the Ladies' Literary Club came straggling into Cecil Miller's home to complete their preparations for the reception to the district school teachers. Out at her home Ethel Barton waited with impatience for the sound of wheels on the gravelled walk. More than once she walked out on the porch and peered into the darkness and listened. She could hear the dripping rain as a little gust of wind shook the wet trees; that was all.

It was past the hour set for the party to begin. She must not, she could not, disappoint the girls. So, donning a storm coat and high-topped rubbers, she started out alone in the darkness to walk to town. As soon as she left the protection of the trees and entered the open road, a gust of wind caught at her skirts and tossed her scarf in a tangle about her face. For a moment she hesitated, and then plunged forward again with determination, into the mud and the darkness. Before she reached the end of the long lane her skirts were decorated in mud, her hair was in somewhat of a tangle and her spirits were extremely ruffled. And then she heard carriage wheels in the distance. Could it be that her escort had come from the town road and called for her at that late hour, only to find that she had gone? For a moment she hesitated in chagrin, wondering what to do or say. And then the carriage had overtaken her and she recognized Willard Taylor's voice as he called out, "Good evening! Going into town?"

"That is what I have been foolish enough to attempt," she replied, laughing to hide her embarrassment.

"Oh, is that you, Ethel?" continued Willard, who had, in turn, recognized her voice. "Wait a moment and I'll drive across that pool, so you can get in more easily," he said, taking it for granted that she would accept a chance to ride into town. Without further questions he assisted her into the carriage, and carefully arranged the robes about her, to protect her from the mud. Then extending his hand, he said, "Now shake hands with me, little girl, and tell me what in the world you are doing out here alone on such a night."

"I don't know, Willard, unless I came out to welcome you home." She tried to laugh but it sounded like a sob in her voice, so she gave it up. It would be so easy to cry and tell him all

about it. He was still holding her hand as they drove on in the darkness.

"Well, girlic," he laughed, "if you came out to welcome me home, I must not scold you. I'll call for you next time, and see that you do not get so muddy."

Ethel wanted to cry more than ever, but she could not tell him, now. Besides, she could not forget that vivid, handsome face that she had been watching and obeying for so many weeks. Where was Prof. Gordon? Her heart was in a tumult.

"I am on my way to Cecil Miller's," Willard explained, "and I came this way to avoid that bad lane in front of Wilson's. I suppose you are going to Cecil's aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Ethel, "I am. And I am indeed glad that you happened to come this way. I was about to give up, in sheer desperation, and go back home. I had no idea the roads were so bad, or I should never have attempted to walk."

"It certainly is not very pleasant walking tonight," he consented. And then he proceeded to tell Ethel of some amusing incidents connected with the storm. "I would have called for you," he said, "but I thought, of course, you would be gone by this hour."

More than once during the ride Willard wondered what had induced Ethel to walk in to town alone on such a night. But he was too much of a gentleman to either twit or question her concerning the matter. In fact, he avoided mentioning the episode, and put Ethel entirely at her ease by keeping up a pleasant and somewhat humorous conversation, during the entire drive. Ethel had laughed herself into a cheerful mood and had almost forgotten the condition of her hair and her skirts, when they drove up to Miller's long, low porch just in time to see Prof. Gordon assisting Florence Lindsay from his vehicle.

Willard greeted Florence cordially and stood waiting.

Ethel hastily forgot her own embarrassment and presented Willard to Prof. Gordon. They exchanged greetings, and the four young people entered the house in a group; each one smiling and pretending to be entirely at ease, and each one hiding a question mark in his heart.

No opportunity for explanation was afforded during the evening, and when, at the close of the party, the guests began to depart, Willard Taylor and Eugene Gordon assisted their ladies into their wraps and their carriages as gracefully and as gallantly as if each were escorting the lady of his choice, according to arrangement.

Of course, Ethel Barton did not know that Prof. Gordon had been unavoidably detained in town until a late hour; that, as a matter of courtesy, he had invited Florence Lindsay to ride over to Cecil Miller's with him; and that he was on his way to her

home when he met her in company with Willard Taylor at Miller's back porch. Neither did Prof. Gordon know why Ethel had come to the party with another escort instead of waiting for him. And he did not feel free to seek or make an explanation. To add to the difficulty, Ethel accepted more than one invitation from Willard Taylor to attend socials and entertainments. She was obligated to attend the entertainments, to assist with the musical numbers of the program; and, of course, she could not go without an escort. And so the tangle in their skein of love grew more intricate from day to day. And not until the day of the canyon excursion, did Gordon muster sufficient courage to demand an explanation.

It was late in the afternoon. All day long Willard Taylor had assiduously devoted himself to Ethel Barton. He had assisted her in the rugged climb up the mountain, in order that she might secure a better view of the canyon. He had hunted and carried her specimens and souvenirs of the trip. He had helped to prepare the noon luncheon and to arrange a cozy corner among the pines where the ladies might rest while the boys were fishing. And even now, he was making his way into a deep ravine in search of a cool spring, in order that he might secure her a refreshing drink of water.

Ethel stood alone amid a little clump of trees, leaning against a half fallen quaking-asp. Her face wore a sad expression and there was a spirit of dejection in her very attitude. For the first time during the day she had permitted herself to remember the bitterness in her own heart. She had hoped that Prof. Gordon would find an opportunity during the day to make some explanation of his actions during the past week. Now the day was almost at the close and he had spoken no word nor had he made any attempt at reconciliation. Perhaps, after all, he did not care. And she had been foolish enough to think he really cared for her. Her fingers trembled as she pulled the leaves from a little branch near by. Her face was drawn with pain and her serious eyes were bright with unshed tears. She heard a step behind her, but she did not look up. Her heart told her who was near. And when she heard a deep, tender voice speak her name she tried to smile and answer pleasantly; but a sob was in her voice and a tear was on her white cheek.

"I am so glad I have found you alone," said Eugene Gordon, in a low, earnest tone. "I have been trying, all day, to speak with you. Ethel Barton, little girl of mine, tell me what is the matter. Surely, this is all a mistake. You have not purposely put me aside for this old friend, have you?" He, too, was leaning against the tree. She could feel his breath on her cheek and she knew that earnest eyes were searching her face for his answer, but she could not look into his face.



"It is all a mistake," he whispered, confusedly. "I am sure it is all a mistake."

He lowered his voice and for a moment his strong, warm hand clasped her trembling fingers.

"Some one is coming from the ravine," he said. "We haven't time for an explanation, now; but you must smile once and tell me it is all right, before I go. You understand, don't you, little woman?"

Their eyes met in one long understanding glance. Ethel smiled through her tears into his earnest, happy face. "It is all right," she whispered, "I understand."

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Because of his faithful, diligent services during the winter, the students and school trustees were giving Prof. Gordon a farewell party and banquet at the home of Mr. Lindsay. The Ladies' Literary Club had kindly consented to prepare the banquet. It was the night before the party. Every preparation was as nearly complete as was possible at that time.

Ethel Barton, who had been assisting the Literary Club during the afternoon, walked home alone in the early dusk, with a heart full of happy anticipations. Only once since the canyon excursion had she seen Prof. Gordon; but the sincere kindness of his greeting at that time had reassured her. Again and again she recalled the little incident at the ravine.

The only thing that saddened her was the thought of Willard Taylor. He had never expressed any sentiments other than friendship for her. But she could not forget that night under the harvest moon. Of course, he had always been her best friend and she owed him her confidence. More than once she tried to tell him, but the words caught in her throat and her parched lips refused to utter them. Willard was so clean, and generous and sincere, and she had loved him so long; it was hard to give him pain. But this new friend, this charming, magnetic gentleman could not be denied. He was so strong, so compelling and yet so gentle and persuasive that he had won her heart before she realized it. He had created a new heaven and a new earth for her. There was a light spring to her steps as she hurried along in the twilight. Her heart was singing the glad song of youth, the song of hope, and love, satisfaction.

"Every one must be away from home," she mused as she opened the front gate. Everything was so quiet. But on entering the diningroom, she discovered her father sitting by the window alone in the twilight. He greeted her kindly, as usual, and explained that the other members of the family were away spending the evening.

"Why did you not go with them, father?" she asked, coming over to him at once and caressing his hair. "Aren't you well?"

"Oh, yes; I'm all right," he assured her, "just a little weary is all. Besides, my girl, I've been wanting to have a talk with you for a long time; and I thought tonight would be a good chance."

A strange fear crept into Ethel's breast, as if someone had suddenly pressed a cold hand upon her heart. The serene, hopeful song in her bosom died away, faint and fearful; and her being was filled with a sort of wild apprehension, a prophetic fear of some calamity that was just ahead, some ordeal she would have to meet. But she summoned all her fortitude, and with a prayer in her heart that God would help her to do the thing that he desired her to do, she drew a chair up beside her father and seated herself calmly.

"Shall I bring a light, papa, or shall we sit here in the twilight?" she asked quietly.

"Never mind the light, my girl," he replied. "I can think better in the dusk, and probably I can talk better, too. There's a good many things I want to say to you, Ethel, and I've been thinking of late that maybe I had better say them right away, before it is too late." And then he sat silent again, silent for so long a time that the stillness became oppressive.

"Ethel, my little girl," he said, at last, "I want to ask you a question."

"Yes, papa, what is it?"

"Is this young professor, this Gordon, serious in his attentions to you?"

For a moment Ethel did not reply, and her father continued, "I mean, my girl, has he told you of his regard for you; has he spoken to you of marriage?"

"No, indeed, papa!" was her quick reply.

"I am very glad to know I have spoken in time," continued her father. "Maybe I am mistaken, but it has seemed to me, for some time now, that Gordon is rather serious in his attentions to you. As I say, Ethel, maybe I am mistaken. I hope I am. I hope, too, my girl, that you have not been so foolish as to become infatuated with a man of whose life and character you know so little. But whatever your feelings are, I am sure I can depend upon you to do what is right. You will not deceive me, will you, my girl?"

"No father, I shall not deceive you." Her voice was hoarse with emotion and she felt grateful for the sheltering darkness.

"I have a story to tell you, Ethel; the story of your birth-right. I should have told you long ago, but perhaps I am not too late, even now." Again Mr. Barton sat very still for a long time, then he began slowly:

"It takes a good deal of courage for a man to give up a beautiful little home, his relatives, and his friends; and journey

with his little family into the wilderness, into a land that he knows is inhabited only by savage Indians and wild animals. But that's what your grandfather Bennett did, my girl. And his little family never wavered in their determination to go with him. Your grandmother was a heroine by birth. Her ancestors were among the early settlers of America; and she was as proud of her courage and her blue blood, as women are now-a-days of their jewels and fine clothes and their pretty faces. 'Jim Bennett,' she said, 'you are not strong, you are not able to make that hard trip alone.' But we'll go with you and stay by you and help you over the hard places.' And so, with a smile on their lips and a prayer in their hearts, they turned their faces toward the setting sun; and with unfaltering steps, began their journey into the great unknown West. And like the Israelites of old, they went their way uncomplaining, nor did they look back to the treasures they had left behind. When your grandfather fell ill, your grandmother's faith and zeal were increased. Long miles she trudged across the barren waste singing, and cheering her companions onward. And when in the quiet evening of one long, lonely day, your grandfather's spirit took its flight, she bowed down beneath her burden of sorrow, but she never wavered in her faith or her courage to go forward. She watched in silence while his body was concealed in an unmarked grave. And she uttered no cry when a fire was built on the spot to further obliterate his last resting place. 'God help me! God help me!' was all the white lips uttered as the charred grave faded from view in the distance and the wagon train wound on across the gray, nameless prairie. And through the long years of hardships and trial that followed, she remained faithful to God's people and to His cause. She made her home a place of good cheer and she never failed in her words and work of comfort and consolation to those who were in need. With such a parent, it is no wonder that your mother came into her heritage, as a daughter in Israel, with a happy heart and a hopeful spirit. Her very life was a bright sunbeam. The gospel seemed to be a part of her being. And she never hesitated in fulfilling any call that it brought to her. 'I thank God for my birth-right,' she would say, 'and I do pray that I may never be disinherited.' I shall never forget how beautiful and happy she looked on our wedding day as we entered the House of the Lord to be united. 'It is the dream of all my days,' she said. And I cannot tell you of the long, happy days that followed. Often and often we would say that it was almost too good to be true. There was but one thing that marred the happiness of our dear little home. We had been married three years and we were still childless. Then one glad day my little sweetheart crept into my arms and whispered the secret to me that completed our joy. God had answered our prayers; a child was to be given us."

Her father paused in his story and a little sigh escaped Ethel's lips. He took her hand tenderly in his and continued:

"You can never know how happy it made us, little girl. Through the long days your mother was busy making things ready for your coming. And the evenings were happier than they had ever been before. Then came a call for me to go away and preach the gospel. At first, I hesitated. Perhaps it would be better for me to wait, I thought. But your mother was a little saint, through and through, and she would not listen to such a thing. She said God would take care of her and I must have faith enough to leave her in his charge. So, with many misgivings and with somewhat of a sad heart, I kissed my noble little wife good bye and went out into the world to carry the message of truth to the children of men. The waiting days were long, anxious ones to me; but the cheerful, happy letters of my loved one reassured me, and helped me to do my work faithfully and well. Then, one day, came the long looked-for letter, which filled my heart with untold happiness. It was all over. My dear, brave wife had passed through the wonderful experience of becoming a mother. God had blessed us with a little daughter. I was a father. Just what joy and hope and ambitions that gave me, you cannot know. For a while I could hardly content myself with my work. I wanted to fly home to my wife and baby. But I knew she would not welcome me until I had completed my work and, therefore, I compelled myself to be satisfied, and I continued my labors with a new hope and energy. Finally, my mission was almost finished. In a few more weeks I would see my wife and baby. Then came a message for me to come home immediately. My dear one was not expected to live. We could not travel in those days as quickly as we can today. But I went with the greatest haste possible. And only God knows what suspense I suffered during those long hours. I reached home in time to say good bye before her sweet spirit took its flight. 'Good bye,' she said, 'God bless you! Take care of our little one. Teach her to love her birthright as I have loved mine.' And then she was gone."

When he could speak again, he said, "Your mother's name was Ethel. You are so much like her. You have been the comfort of my life and I must not lose you. The gospel has cost us the life of two brave, sweet souls. And yet it is still the light of my life and yours. You are a daughter in Israel. Tell me, my girl, are you going to be true to your birthright?"

Ethel rose pale and trembling. For a moment she looked into her father's eyes earnestly, and then she stooped and kissed his lips. "Yes, father," she whispered, hoarsely, "no matter what it may cost me, I shall be true to my birthright."

There was a sound of wheels on the graveled walk. "Good-night," she added, tenderly, "God bless you." "Peace be with you,



my girl," was all he said, as she fled to her room, in time to avoid greeting the home folks as they came noisily into the house.

Clad in a soft, becoming gown, Ethel sat alone in the twilight, idly fingering the keys of the piano. A little breeze, heavy with the sweet odor of lilacs and apple blossoms, ruffled the white curtain at the open window. From the luxuriant lilac hedge came the chirp of a night bird calling to his mate; while out of a cluster of pink peach blossoms a muffled twitter sounded in reply. Ethel sat quiet for a moment and listened. Then, for the fourth time, she stepped out onto the front porch and peered into the gathering dusk. She waited, and listened, and looked again, and a little sigh of disappointment escaped her lips. The old garden was vibrating with life and love and fragrance and beauty. But her heart was too heavy to answer nature's challenge of gladness.

Tomorrow, Eugene Gordon would leave the little town. And he had not yet come to make the explanation he had promised. Ethel did not attend the social given by the students and trustees in his honor. Her father was ill and she had tried to make herself believe that his illness had kept her at home. But in her heart she knew that it was the fear of meeting Prof. Gordon that had kept her away from him. Her mother's dying wish for her was burning itself into her very soul. She had made a sacred promise to her father to fulfil that wish. And she feared lest she should not be strong enough to keep that promise. Until tonight, she had avoided meeting Prof. Gordon. But now that the time of departure had come, she felt that she could not let him go without saying good bye. Her soul was filled with an intense desire that was little short of madness. She must look upon his face again, she must hear him whisper her name, she must touch his hand once more. Then, she would say good bye forever, he would go out of her life, and she would try to forget.

She was too uneasy to remain quietly indoors; and yet the sweet incense of the spring night almost stifled her, and the love-laden messages from bird throat to bird throat, mocked her own loneliness and despair.

It was growing dark. The fruit blossoms were already hidden in the dusky foliage, and the path down the shadowy lane was too uncertain to be watched any longer. Would he not come, after all? Had she looked upon his face for the last time? No, she would tolerate no such disappointment. The very intensity of her desire to see him must bring him to her. She tried to reassure herself by playing a tender little snatch of a song, but her fingers lost themselves and the notes drawled out in a lone discord. And then she heard a footstep on the graveled walk and her heart stood still. For one sacred moment she dropped her white face into her hands. "God help me," she breathed devoutly. "God help me!

Amen." The next moment she answered the light rap on the door with a pleasant "Good evening, Prof. Gordon, come in!"

"You would not come to me," he said, smiling, as he took her hand, "and so I have come to you—to say good bye," he added, after a little pause.

"I am sorry, Prof. Gordon," she said, earnestly, "that I could not attend the party given for you."

"Then you knew, and were not there," he said, disappointment sounding in every tone.

"My father is ill," was her quiet reply.

This bit of information put them on open friendship terms again, for Gordon was exceptionally fond of Ethel's father. Ethel invited him to her father's room and Mr. Barton greeted him cordially. The short, cheerful interview that followed made them all feel happier.

Later in the evening they strolled out through the old garden and sat on a rustic seat beneath the flowering fruit tree. The white moon beams filtered through the sweet scented branches, and the rustle of the evening breeze showered fragrant petals in the grass at their feet. They spoke of Prof. Gordon's work and his students; and, of their childhood days and their present ambitions. And under the magic spell of the night Ethel forgot the proprieties of time and place, and she felt half ashamed that Prof. Gordon found it necessary to remind her of such conventionalities.

"I must go now, little girl," he said, "I am afraid I have already kept you out later than I should. But before I say good-bye, girl of mine, I must tell you what has brought me to you to-night. I have come to tell you life's sweetest story. Ethel Barton, little woman," he whispered, "I love you as I have never loved any woman before."

Ethel could feel his strong hands clasping her own firmly. His warm breath was on her cheek and his earnest gaze was searching her face. But she did not move nor speak.

"Look into my eyes, Ethel," he continued earnestly, "tell me you understand; girl of mine. You will wait for me? You will be true to me? You will be my own sweet wife, someday?"

Ethel started, and drew back, as if suddenly awakened from a dream.

"Oh, no, no, no! Prof. Gordon, you must not say the words, you must not."

"Ethel Barton," he exclaimed, with white lips, "Ethel Barton, soul of my soul, you have not deceived me? no! You shall not deceive me. You do love me, little woman. Tell me, you do love me."

"Better than all the world," she whispered hoarsely. For one brief moment she was held close to Prof. Gordon's heart, his lips met hers. Then with a great effort, she drew herself away.

"No, no, no!" she repeated. "You must not. You must not. I can never, never be your wife."

"What is it, Ethel, my girl? I have never deceived you. You may look into my past. I have kept myself clean and honorable before men. What is it?" he demanded. "I cannot understand."

"It is this," she said, firmly and quietly, "we are treading two different paths, and they are paths that will never meet."

"You mean," he hesitated, "you mean your religion?"

"I mean my religion."

For a moment Prof. Gordon stood silent; then drawing her hand through his arm, he said quietly.

"I must take you to the house, now."

In silence they walked to the front porch, in silence she passed him his hat.

"I must go," he said. "I need not ask you to wait for me. I need not ask you to be true to me. A woman who is as true to her religion as you are to yours, cannot be false to her heart or to her honor. Someday, little girl, I may find the path you are treading. If I do, I shall come back to you. If I do not return, you may think of me as a poor, lone wanderer. And, sometimes, you may ask God to help me find the way. Good bye," he added, "God bless you."

"Good bye," she whispered, "I shall pray for you, always."

And then, taking her hands in his, he stooped and kissed them reverently.

Ethel watched him depart, in agony of spirit.

Then a startled cry almost escaped her lips.

She remembered the divine touch. She remembered that night under the harvest moon.

("The Heart of a Woman," "Redeeming a Pledge," and "Compensation" are the three remaining chapters of this fascinating story that will be continued in the October ERA).

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## Lines I Wrote to Myself

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"We are what we are, and not what we think we are."

Mirror yourself. Do not think you are right in every action. Take corrections. Humble yourself and ask God to help you see yourself as you are, to help you overcome your weaknesses. A big man will acknowledge his error. A little man will try to justify his mistakes. We will receive the salvation we *earn* and no more.

JOSEPH S. PEERY.

# Anthem - "I Saw Another Angel Fly"

WORDS BY MARY F. KELLY

MUSIC BY C. J. THOMAS

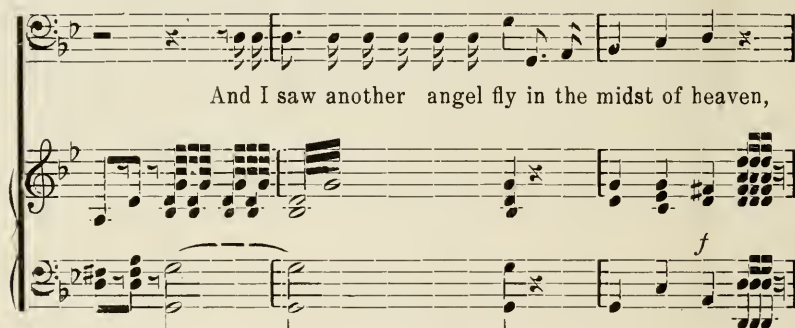
*M. M.* ♩ = 80



*ff*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

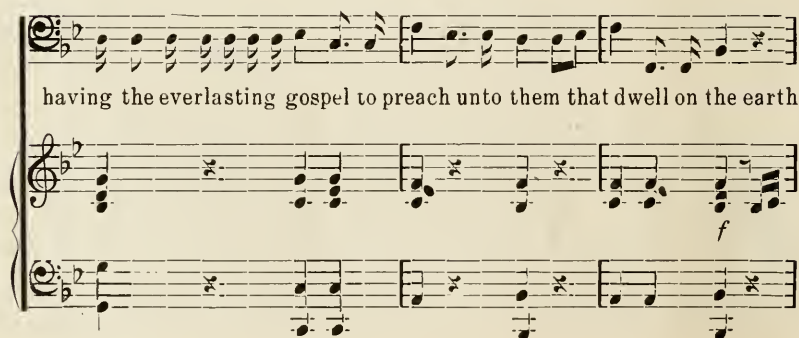
*Bass solo. Recit.*



And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven,

*f*

The bass solo section begins with a single staff in bass clef, one flat key signature, and common time. The lyrics "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven," are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment follows on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right staff has a melodic line with some complex chords, while the left staff provides a steady harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears at the end of the piano part.



having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth

*f*

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs). The right staff has a melodic line, and the left staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears at the end of the piano part.



and to every nation, and to every nation,

saying with a loud voice, *ff* Fear God, and give *f*

glory to him, Fear God and give glory to him,

Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano (top staff), Alto (middle staff), and Bass (bottom staff). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are printed below the staves, with dynamic markings *ff* (fortissimo) and *f* (forte) indicating volume. The score is divided into systems, with lyrics corresponding to the vocal lines. The final line of the score is cut off.

*rit. ad lib.*

come, for the hour of his judgment is come.

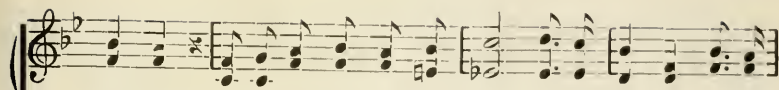
*rit. ad lib.* *ff a tem.*

*CHORUS. Moderato.*

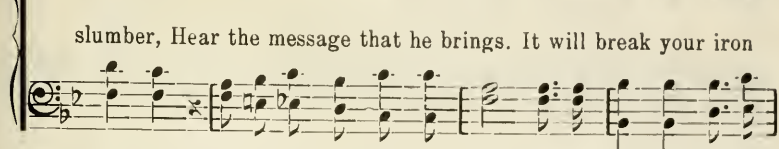

*f* See the glorious angel fly - ing! With his voice he rends the

sky, Loud proclaiming to the nations, Loud proclaiming to the

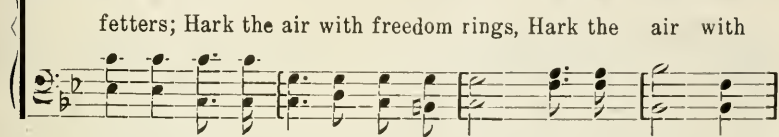
nations. Rise ye men of earth a - rise, Wake ye now, no longer



slumber, Hear the message that he brings. It will break your iron

fetters; Hark the air with freedom rings, Hark the air with




free - dom rings. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise





him, Hallelujah, praise him,

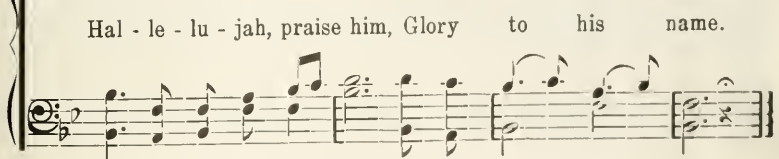


*Accomp.*

*Accomp.*



Hal - le - lu - jah, praise him, Glory to his name.



*Andante.**Soprano solo.*

Wor - ship the Cre - a - tor,

*Andante. p*

laud his end - less fame, Now his arm he

rais - eth judgment to pro - claim.

Wicked men shall trem - ble, fear their hearts will



rend, But un-to the right - eous

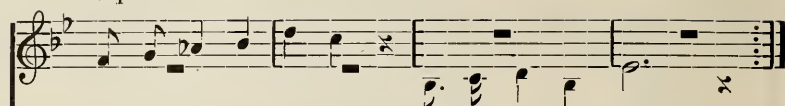
blessings doth he send, But un-to the

right - eous blessings doth he send.

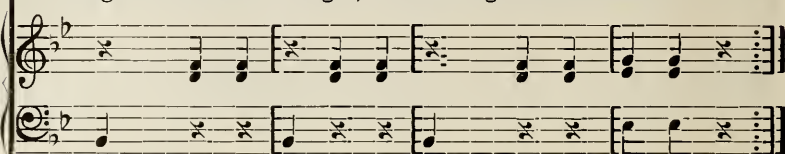
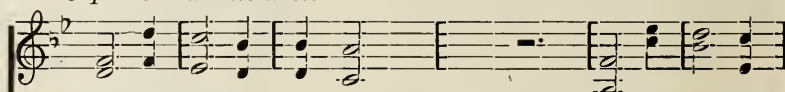
*Soprano.*

*Alto*

Strength in every sinew, Grace with wisdom blend,  
Angels at his bidding Will their rights defend,

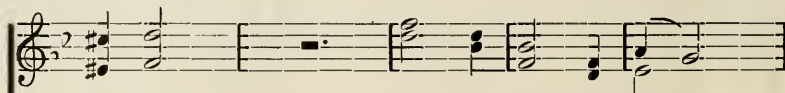
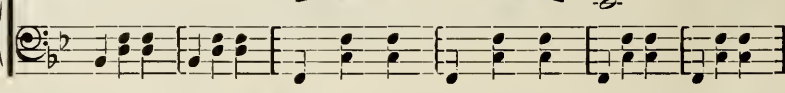
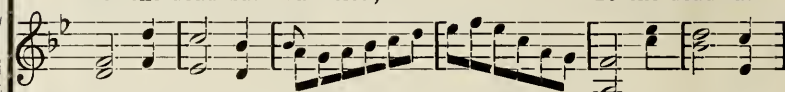
*Soprano.**Alto.*

Power in the priesthood, Life that hath no end.  
Through e - ter - nal a - ges, Will his grace ex - tend.

*Soprano and Alto duet.*

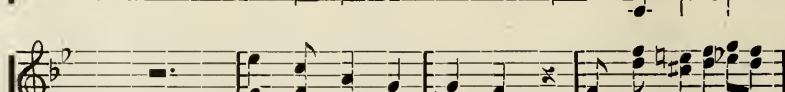
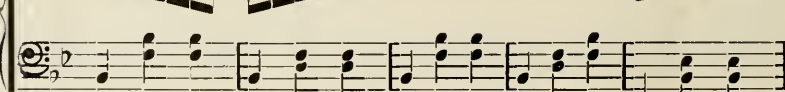
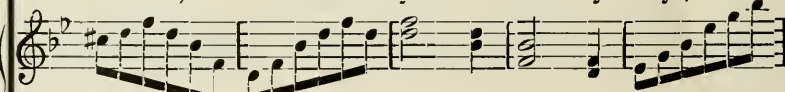
To the dead sal - va - tion,

To the dead sal -

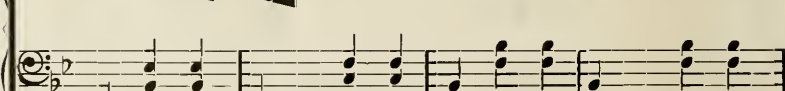
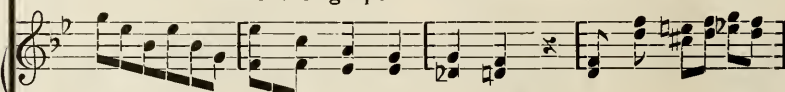


va - tion,

By its heavenly rays,



He the gospel sendeth as in an - cient



days, He the Gospel sendeth, as in ancient days.

*Rall.*

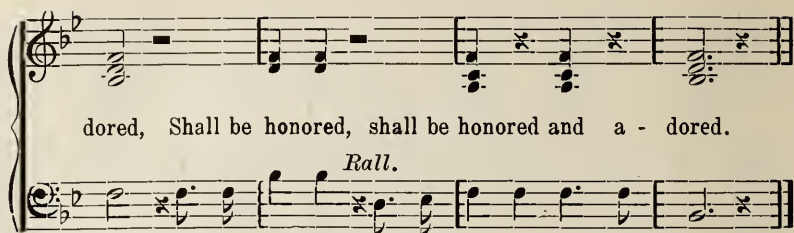
CHORUS. *Moderato.*

Now we praise thee, Ho - ly Father, *Organ*

Now we praise thee, Holy Father, *Organ* For the gospel

thus restored, For the gospel thus restored. *Bass Soli.*

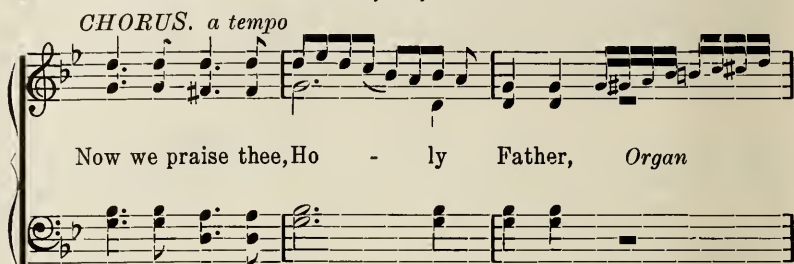
And thy name in this thy Temple, And thy name in this thy Temple Shall be hon-ored and a-



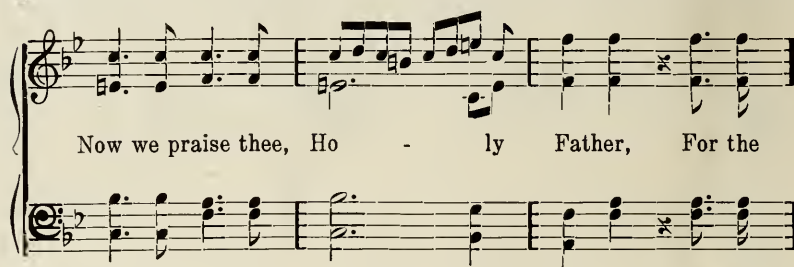
dored, Shall be honored, shall be honored and a - dored.

*Rall.*

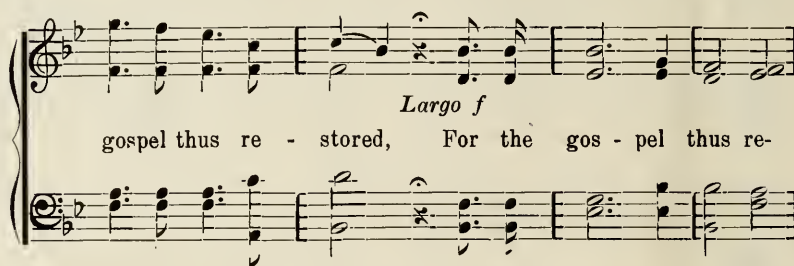
*CHORUS. a tempo*



Now we praise thee, Ho - ly Father, *Organ*

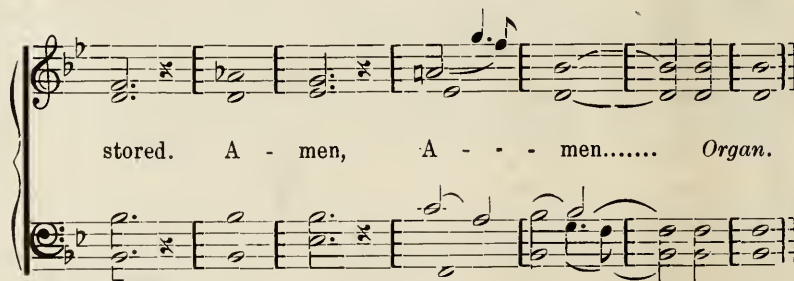


Now we praise thee, Ho - ly Father, For the



*Largo f*

gospel thus re - stored, For the gos - pel thus re-



stored. A - men, A - - - men..... *Organ.*

A - men.





### **TELL HER, O PASSING CLOUD**

**O moonlit cloud that floats above the steeps,  
My heart is where thy distant shadows fall;  
These mountain crags are as a prison wall,  
For their cold granite, love still from me keeps.  
O summer wanderer in upper deeps,  
That vale ye cross by me most loved of all;  
Then tell me while I watch and on thee call,  
If in thy shadows now my loved one sleeps.**

**Perhaps in drowsiness she gazed on thee,  
Ere her fair head she on the pillow laid;  
Upon her lips was there no vow for me—  
For I this night a thousand vows have made?  
Ah! where thy shadows fall I may not be,  
Yet tell her, passing cloud, what I have prayed.**

**Alfred Lambourne.**

# The Evolution Hypothesis: What it is

BY ROBERT C. WEBB

Could the theory of evolution have remained a zoological speculation, attempting to furnish an explanation for the origin of life-forms, it might have served a useful end in stimulating research into obscure details of anatomy, paleontology, etc., as has certainly been its influence, in some measure, under present conditions. When, however, it is brought to bear upon all other sciences, the stimulating effect is less impressively obvious. It has ceased, in fact, to be a mere hypothesis of specialists in the natural sciences, and has become the foundation of a cult. It cannot be urged, therefore, that a "layman" in natural science shows "presumption" in questioning the validity of the original hypothesis, since he would be but following in the footsteps of the natural scientists themselves, who have not hesitated to invade the fields of logic, philosophy, ethics, theology, etc., in which they have shown themselves, not merely "laymen," but also amateurs of the crassest variety. Their voluminous writings, also, have made the general principles of natural science so accessible to the average reader that none but an ignoramus could fail to understand the main points. Furthermore, it is inadmissible to claim, as some have claimed, that specialists in science, knowing the facts gleaned by investigation, are, of necessity to be credited with such deeper insights, or such command of logical principles that it is proper to accept their explanations, even of the facts most familiar to them. Principal Dawson remarked of Darwin, as reported, that he was a "very good zoologist, but a very poor logician"—nor was this the opinion of a mere "layman"—and this judgment applies with singular force to very many of the foremost followers of Darwin and his opinions. They are very good natural scientists, undoubtedly, but amazingly poor philosophers, and wretched logicians.

The uncritical enthusiasm with which many natural scientists have invaded other special fields of thought and research is well exemplified in the following passage by Professor Joseph Le Conte:

"Everyone is familiar with the main facts connected with the development of an egg. \* \* \* Now this process is evolution. It is more,—it is the type of all evolution. It is that from which we get our idea of evolution, and without which there would be no such word. \* \* \* The process pervades the whole universe, and

the doctrine concerns alike every department of science,—yea, every department of human thought. It is literally one-half of all science.”—*Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought*.

Edward Clodd is equally emphatic in making precisely similar claims; although the consistency of his reasoning might be questioned by some. He writes:

“If the theory of evolution be not universal, the germs of decay are in it. And here we pass from what is interesting to what is of serious import for us, because if the phenomena of mind are not capable of a like mechanical explanation as the phenomena of stars and planets, and of vegetable and animal life, evolution remains only a speculation to fascinate the curious. It can, in that case, furnish no rule of life or motive to conduct, and man, ‘the root and crown of things,’ would be the sole witness against their unity and totality. If there be in him any faculty which is no part of the contents of the universe, if there be anything done by him which lies outside the range of causation, then the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy falls to pieces, for man has the power to add to that which the physicist demonstrates can neither be increased nor lessened.”—*Story of Creation*.

The influence of such thinkers acts, of course, to confirm the conviction of our current “rationalism” that the assumption of a mechanical universe, whose mechanism is perfectly obvious to the scientific investigator of the present day, must, of necessity, be preferable to one in which, as any careful thinker must admit, there is an inestimable substratum of unknown, unintelligible and unimaginable fact, necessarily existing, however, since that which evidently exists demands a cause or justification that is fairly beyond the reach of the investigator. The complacency with which small minds will bask in the conceit of intellectual all-sufficiency has ever been notable in the advocates of the various “world-formulæ” which have successively claimed the name of “science.” Thus, Galileo, and others, were bitterly denounced in their age for denying the current notions of the universe, and teaching “heresies concerning the antipodes.” And why not? Was not the flatness of the earth a perfectly obvious fact? How could it be a sphere, when the people on the “under side” must fall off? This is only typical “rationalism,” which assumes that a theory in closest accord with familiar and obvious experiences must necessarily be more nearly true than one which insists, with all logical consistency, that we do not even know that we understand the “obvious experiences,” or that they can be justified to the reason, any more readily than things unknown, and perhaps, unknowable.

However, “rationalism” has ever been so irrational that it has been unable to discern the fact that a good part of its thinking consists of words rather than perfectly comprehended, or intelligible, ideas. Thus, following the traditional remark of the old philosopher, Archimedes, who stated that, could he get a foothold



outside the world somewhere, he could move the earth with a lever, many persons still assume that they could accomplish not only this feat, but also that, were they so placed in space as to have the materials convenient, they could, on the basis of their present knowledge, make a very fair "bluff" at creating a universe on their own account. Their "knowledge" is so simple and obvious that it must be a surprise that the joy of discovery has been reserved for themselves. In some such spirit, we find Romanes writing thus:

"When Kepler was unable to explain by any known causes the paths described by the planets, he resorted to a supernatural explanation, and supposed that every planet was guided in its movements by some presiding angel. But when Newton supplied a beautifully simple physical explanation, all persons with a scientific habit of mind at once abandoned the metaphysical explanation. Now, to be consistent, the above-mentioned professors, (Sir William Hamilton, et al) and all who think with them, ought still to adhere to Kepler's hypothesis in preference to Newton's explanation; for, excepting the law of parsimony (Hamilton's), there is certainly no other logical objection to the statement that the movements of the planets afford as good evidence of the influence of guiding angels as they do of the influence of gravitation. —*Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution*.

This passage is a very fair example of the very thing previously mentioned. While, as Romanes says, the theory of gravitation explains the movements of the planets, and while it is evidently unnecessary, if not unwarranted, to accept Kepler's explanation of angelic pilots, since we know nothing whatever about the ultimate cause and nature of the force producing the phenomena, it is true, nevertheless, that a theory of creation which postulates only the forces and activities obvious to our science is not a theory, hypothesis or explanation of any kind, but a stupid fiction devised by an ignorant mind. We evidently know nothing of final causes, in their methods of operation at least, but it is absurd to deny their existence because they are unintelligible to us. We might as well deny the existence of the dynamo, which we cannot see, and assume that the current that lights the lamps in our homes circulates eternally in a closed circuit, without a constant source of generation, which we have not seen, and may never see. The German philosopher Schopenhauer, although himself the promulgator of some theories not wholly obvious, protested against the activities of our zoological speculators as follows:

"Knights of the crucible and retort should be made to understand that the mere study of chemistry qualifies a man to become an apothecary, but not a philosopher. Certain other like-minded investigators of nature, too, must be taught that a man may be an accomplished zoologist, and have the sixty species of monkeys at his fingers' ends, yet on the whole be an ignoramus to be classed with the vulgar, if he has learned nothing else, save, perhaps, his school catechism. But in our time this frequently happens. Men set themselves up for



enlighteners of mankind, who have studied chemistry, or physics, or mineralogy, and nothing else under the sun; to this they add their only knowledge of any other kind, that is to say, the little they may remember of the doctrines of their school catechism, and when they find that these two elements will not harmonize, they straightway turn scoffers at religion, and soon become shallow and absurd materialists. They may, perhaps, have heard at college of a Plato and an Aristotle, of a Locke and especially of a Kant; but as these folks never handled crucibles and retorts, or even stuffed a monkey, they do not esteem them worthy of further acquaintance. They prefer calmly to toss out of the window the intellectual labor of two thousand years and treat the public to a philosophy concocted out of their own rich mental resources on the basis of the catechism on the one hand, and on that of crucibles and retorts or the catalogues of monkeys on the other. They ought to be told in plain language that they are ignorant-amuses, who have much to learn before they can be allowed to have any voice in the matter. Every one, in fact, who dogmatizes at random, with the naive realism of a child on such matters as God, the soul, the world's origin, atoms, etc., is simply one of the vulgar. Send him to the servants' hall, where his wisdom will best find a market."—*Will in Nature, Preface (Second ed.)*

The principal advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the principles established by Aristotle, Locke, Kant, and others, is that the essential laws of logic are thus to be mastered, and we do not find ourselves attempting to demonstrate one theory by evidences which argue to another, quite different in significance, although assuming some of the same facts and conditions. Yet, as if Schopenhauer had really "sized up" the thought of the present day, we will find, unmistakably and undeniably, that the hypothesis of evolution, the foundation of the "glorious hopes" and delectable consummations, so dear to our modern "liberal" dogmatists and irrational "rationalists," is based on sophistry of the rankest type and on an essential ignorance of the simplest laws of logic.

Now, in making an analysis of this so-called "doctrine," there are several things to be carefully considered. In the first place, in the writings of the most prominent "evolutionists" the word "evolution" is evidently used in two essentially different senses: first, as an evident synonym for the word "development" or biological variation in any sense; second, to designate the hypothesis that organic forms, from the lowest to the highest, have been produced by a process of growth, analogous to the development of an egg into a bird, from the lowest and simplest form possible, the unicellular amoeboid protoplasm, which, as supposed, was the earliest life-form in this world.

In the second place, all the facts, apparent facts or alleged facts, while arguing for variation in form, do not argue for the philosophical dogma of organic evolution with any certainty or consistency; while the main allegations upon which this dogma is erected are, simply speaking, not true.

In the third place, while no one can deny the fact of variation

who has any knowledge of the science of breeding domestic cattle, has ever thought of the numerous varieties of dogs, pigeons or human beings, or who has ever heard of Burbank and his researches in the practical production of new breeds of vegetable life; and, while, in default of precise knowledge of limits in possibility, we do not know whether variations could be carried so far as to produce a real "species," the fact remains that there is no evidence in nature of a "progressive development" from simple to complex, nor the slightest warrant for the notion of a "steady growth from imperfection to perfection, from ungood into good."

In the fourth place, the greater bulk of the evidences advanced for the evolution hypothesis, and confidently urged in its support, do not argue to an advance from the simple to the complex, from the imperfect to the perfect. We may insist, without fear of successful contradiction, that they argue definitely that, except in minor details of adjustment to new environments, etc., the majority of alleged proved variations of life-forms are real "degradations" in structure, rather than improvements, or that such improvements as may be alleged are, in general, achieved at the expense of other organs and functions. This fact is seen in the alleged development of our one-toed horse from the three-toed *mihippus* of the Miocene period, the four-toed *orhippus* of the Eocene period, and the still earlier reported form with the normal five toes. Such advantages in size, speed and superior dentition as may have been achieved, meanwhile, are accompanied by a parallel mutilation of the typical mammalian hand, until it becomes a mere one-fingered support or pedestal, devoid of further possibilities of improvement in the primal "plan" of the type of handed animals.

If the development of the modern horse from a primitive five-toed animal be admitted as fully as possible, it is perfectly evident that it establishes the fact of variation, and not of organic evolution in the Spencerian sense; since the process by which a five-toed animal may beget remote descendants having but one toe on each foot positively furnishes no clue whatever to the still more primitive, but, as yet wholly supposititious process, by which the mammalian hand with its typical equipment of five fingers was originally eventuated. A moment's reflection will show this, also the great difference between a progress upward in the scale, and a progress downward, in any particular. Nature is full of good presumptive evidences of degradation, but is singularly churlish in similarly good "exhibits" on developmental improvements. The whale, alleged to be descended from a true land animal, has gained his ability to live in the water, as assumed, and to propel himself by the great expanse of his tail, by the total loss of his hinder limbs, of which no suggestion remains save a rudimentary pelvis. The fact that rudimentary teeth are said to be found in the jaws of very young whales, and that they are subse-

quently supplanted by the baleen, is only further evidence of the same import, since the process in course of which hind limbs and teeth disappear is positively not typical of the supposed process by which they were first developed. It will be unnecessary to discuss here the essential improbability that any such animal as a whale was gradually developed from a normal four-legged land mammal; or even to remind the reader that the geological record furnishes no indications of "intermediate types." It will also be unnecessary to insist that the several types of two, three, and four-toed horses differ among themselves even more than do the modern dog, with four tracking toes on each foot, and the modern fox with five tracking toes on the front feet and four on the rear. No one has as yet suggested the lineal relationship of dogs and foxes. It would be just to say, however, that such apparently misplaced arguments as those applying to horses and whales were injected into evolutionary literature for the purpose of combatting the arguments of unscientific and slovenly advocates of "special creation" who committed the blunder of denying the actuality of variation of any degree, under natural conditions. Consequently, in the mind of Huxley, and other defenders of the evolution hypothesis, such "evidences of variation" were brought forward as subsidiary arguments, although repeatedly used by others as direct arguments. At the present day, however, they cannot be used even in a subsidiary significance.

With all the wealth of effort that has been expended in the development of the "development hypothesis," there is to this very day a most significant absence of true intermediate types—"links," so called—between the great natural divisions of living things. If, as evolutionists suppose, all life-forms have been gradually developed from primitive and simple types, and the process has occupied immense periods of time—for these people talk of millions of years, just as our exponents of "high finance" talk of millions of dollars—it would be only probable that many such "links" should have been unearthed. Nor, in view of the vast periods of time mentioned, can the "imperfection of the geological record" be urged as a sufficient explanation. This does not mean that there are no forms of indeterminate character between orders or phyla. There are, indeed, many such, although not in the line of alleged direct descent. Several animals, those included in the order *Monotremata*, both structurally and functionally, suggest birdlike qualities; there were in geological times birdlike reptiles and reptile-like birds, also birds with teeth and reptiles with beaks; there are today viviparous fish, that bring forth their young alive, and egg-laying animals that appear to be mammals; there is a fish-like marine animal, the *amphioxus* or *lancelet*, which suggests both vertebrate and invertebrate forms, but which is evidently neither the one nor the other consistently—it has no true back-

bone. Now, a casual student of zoology and paleontology might see in these, and similar indeterminate forms, true "links" in the orderly chain of development, but they are not so accepted by competent anatomists, notably Professor Huxley himself. They are, in fact, what Huxley calls "intercalary types;" which is to say, exceptional, irregular, ununiform, in the sense in which the "intercalary days" were formerly placed at the end of every several years to round out the defective ancient calendar, although not properly in the year. Speaking of several of the most hopeful examples of these "intercalary types," the *Anoplotherium*—"intermediate in character between the pigs, on the one hand, and the ruminants on the other"—the *Paleotherium*—which "similarly tended to connect together animals to all appearance so different as the rhinoceros, the horse and the tapir"—and the *Archeopteryx*—"which, to a certain extent, occupies a midway place between a bird and a reptile"—he has the following:

"Like the *Anoplotherium* and the *Paleotherium*. \* \* \* *Archeopteryx* tends to fill up the interval between groups which, in the existing world, are widely separated, and to destroy the definitions of zoological groups based upon our knowledge of existing forms. And such cases as these constitute evidence in favor of evolution, in so far as they prove that, in former periods of the world's history, there were animals which overstepped the bounds of existing groups, and tended to merge them into larger assemblages. They show that animal organization is more flexible than our knowledge of recent forms might have led us to believe; and that many structural permutations and combinations, of which the present world gives us no indication, may nevertheless have existed.

"But it by no means follows, because the *Paleotherium* has much in common with the Horse, on the one hand, and with the Rhinoceros on the other, that it is the intermediate form through which Rhinoceroses have passed to become Horses, or *vice versa*: on the contrary, any such supposition would certainly be erroneous. Nor do I think it likely that the transition from the reptile to the bird has been effected by such a form as *Archeopteryx*. And it is convenient to distinguish these intermediate forms between two groups, which do not represent the actual passage from the one group to the other, as *intercalary* types, from those *linear* types which, more or less approximately, indicate the nature of the steps by which the transition from one group to the other was effected.

"I conceive that such linear forms, constituting a series of natural gradations between the reptile and the bird, and enabling us to understand the manner in which the reptilian has been metamorphosed into the bird type, are really to be found among a group of ancient and extinct terrestrial reptiles known as the *Ornithoscelida*. The remains of these animals occur throughout the series of the Mesozoic formations, from the Trias to the Chalk, and there are indications of their existence even in the later Paleozoic strata.

"Most of these reptiles at present known are of great size, some having attained a length of forty feet or perhaps more. The majority resembled lizards and crocodiles in their general form, and many of them were, like crocodiles, protected by an armor of heavy bony plates. But, in others, the hind limbs elongate and the fore limbs



shorten, until their relative proportions approach those which are observed in the short-winged, flightless, ostrich tribe among birds.

"The skull is relatively light, and in some cases the jaws, though bearing teeth, are beaklike at their extremities and appear to have been enveloped in a horny sheath. In the part of the vertebral column which lies between the haunch bones and is called the sacrum, a number of vertebrae may unite together into one whole, and in this respect as in some details of its structure, the sacrum of these reptiles approaches that of birds.

"But it is in the structure of the pelvis and of the hind limb that some of these ancient reptiles present the most remarkable approximation to birds, and clearly indicate the way by which the most specialized and characteristic features of the bird may have been evolved from the corresponding parts in the reptile."—*Lectures on Evolution, II.*

It is notable that this discussion really constitutes a full confession of the essential weakness of the evolution hypothesis as an explanation of nature. First, it rejects, on excellent anatomical grounds that the "hopeful links" mentioned are *linear*, although insisting, without warrant, except in evolutionary premises, that they evidence change in type. Second, it proposes as true linear types certain reptiles with birdlike features, although these resemble most closely the flightless, ostrich-like birds, which, on developmental theory must be degraded types, having lost the power of flight, although having perfectly formed wings. Third, it utterly forgets that the bird's wing forms a serious obstacle to developmental explanation, as will be explained later.

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### Cheerful Thoughts

I am going to think cheerful thoughts today,  
 I am going to pleasantly say what I say,  
 And to smile whatsoever I'm doing.  
 I am going to send out the thought-waves of cheer  
 To aid ev'ry person, afar or anear,  
 To lighten their burdens, and banish their fear  
 With the gladness of life I'm renewing.

I am going to make myself glad today  
 By repeating the musical tones of a lay  
 That is singing the heart-joy of living.  
 And through all the kind hours I'll have joy in the choice  
 Of the sweetest inflections, according my voice  
 To the thought, and the word, while my heart shall rejoice  
 In the cheer of receiving and giving.

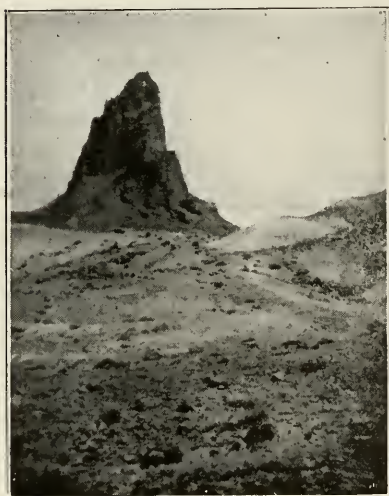
I am going to say a few words today,  
 (Just a mote of psychology, by the way)  
 Or, better perhaps, a suggestion:  
 Our lives are all cast 'neath society's spell;  
 We make our own heaven, and make our own hell  
 By what we are thinking, and what we may tell,  
 And this is the truth beyond question.

## Discoveries on the Colorado

BY JOSEPH F. ANDERSON, OF THE UTAH ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPEDITION, 1913

### *IX.—Life and Customs of the Zuni Indians*

In a little isolated world of its own, separated by many miles from any of the other pueblos of the Southwest, is the quaint little pueblo village of the Zuni Indians. The Zuni community was the first of the New World pueblo communities to be seen by Old



EL CAPITAN

A lofty igneous mountain of northern Arizona. Colonel Roosevelt speaks of it in *The Outlook* as "the land mark for the whole country." Its summit has never been reached.

World eyes—and those eyes, as related in a previous article, were the eyes of a negro. Since that time (1539), in spite of constant contact with Spaniards, Mexicans and Americans, the history of the people of Zuni has been marked by the strictest conservatism. Living alternately on the mesa top and on the bank of the Zuni river below, about fifty miles west of Arizona's petrified forest, these queer people have adhered tenaciously to their old religion and social customs against all invasions of new ideas from without. The descriptions written by the early Spanish intruders of the industrial life and social and religious customs of the Zuni differ in but few details from the up-to-date accounts published by the United States

Bureau of Ethnology—so successful have the Zunis been in preserving their individuality as a type of the Americans of yesterday.

Although the Zunis compose a distinct linguistic group, they strongly resemble the Hopi physically and are not widely different in many phases of their social, religious and industrial life. Like the Hopi, they have always, so far as known, supported themselves by agriculture and hunting. In this they are also like the pueblos along the Rio Grande.

While the Zunis are wards of the government, they are practically self-supporting and are gradually increasing in numbers, as recent counts show. Their population grew from 1,574, in 1906, to 1,640, in 1910. They have their own tribal government which is closely interwoven with their religious and social organization, and which is said to suit them far better than the "Washington way." They are quiet, good-tempered, and industrious, but less peace-loving than the Hopi. They are friendly toward Americans but distrust Mexicans, and are bitter enemies to the Navajo.

Men in all lands and in all ages have been seekers for happiness; the quest is universal. In their quest, the Zunis have devel-



THE BURRO "PIZZANO" AND HIS FRIENDS

Pizzano was the bell burro for the Utah expedition and is admired for his rare intelligence. Pizzano is patient and devoted to his friends, but will bite and kick at those who abuse him. The burro is invaluable to the Zunis as their beast of transportation.

oped a philosophy influenced profoundly by the things about them. They are noted for their wonderful system of mythology and folklore, for they live in a world of mysticism and symbolism. To them the world is a universe of animals. Plants are animals under a spell of enchantment and cannot travel. The stars are animals compelled by magic to travel around the world, and the sun-god is the most potent of their many deities. To the Zuni, every object possesses a spiritual life. The waters writhe in waves of anger; the hills and mountains tremble in distress, and the earth-mother nourishes all.

Living in a land of little rain, where they must obtain their meager living from the soil, and where drouth frequently means

famine, it is not strange that many of their rites and ceremonies are supplications for rain. One of their beliefs is that their dead go to the underworld, where their gods also dwell, and there become rain-makers for the upper world. These rain-makers ascend at times to the upper world and soar back and forth over the earth, shielded by the cloud-masks from the view of the people below. It is not the clouds which fall in rain; the rain-makers pour the water through the cloud masks from large ollas which they carry. Every Zuni child must have its ears pierced at birth, otherwise it is believed that they cannot become rain-makers in the nether world. According to Zuni philosophy, the members of their bow-priesthood become lightning makers after death. Thunder is pro-



"THE MITTENS"

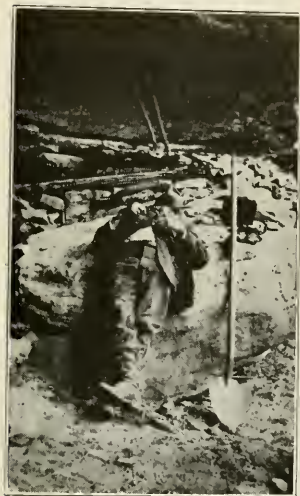
A peak or erosion in the Painted Desert. Notice by the "thumbs" of the "mittens" that they are mates. These giant monoliths are of bright vermillion sandstone, and tower several miles apart, and belong to a group of nine pinnacles to be seen from the same point and rising from five hundred to eight hundred feet above the plain.

duced by the rain-makers gaming with stones, the players rolling stones back and forth to one another in their sports. So the Zuni have their own explanation for every phenomenon about them. They revel in a wealth of folk-lore which is said to rival the mythology of the ancient Greeks.

The belief in witchcraft, and in the force of the taboo, is still general among the tribes of the Southwest. A common taboo is that which forbids the use for food of fish, ducks or any aquatic



animal. The natives seem to be influenced strongly by the advice of their priests and medicine-men. The common difficulty in securing photographs of the natives is explained by the fact that they have been told that the camera is "bad medicine." It is believed that the strange machine discharges evil spirits into the person whose photograph is being taken, and that each "exposure" weakens him by taking from him the strength, or part of himself, which goes to compose the picture. When members of the Utah Expedition innocently made preparations to photograph a camp of Utes in southern Utah, the burly braves threatened to demolish their cameras.



*Photo by Frazier,  
Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### THE SENTINEL ASLEEP.

Growing tired of excavating in the ruined homes of the ancients, this member of the Utah expedition lay down to pleasant(?) dreams. As the camera caught him he may have been dreaming of the court-martial by the cliff-dwellers for having slept at his post and allowed the enemy to invade the stronghold.

Whites who live near the Zunis have reported that execution of supposed witches is still sometimes resorted to. Mrs. James Stevenson, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, states that she saved a Zuni medicine-man from being hanged for supposed witchcraft. According to these informants, when persistent bad fortune or disease visits the tribe, or even an individual, suspicion arises that it is due to witchcraft, and every effort is made to discover the offender. As in old Massachusetts days, the blame is likely to fall upon the old, eccentric and friendless, but is said to fall sometimes upon the young as well. If the supposed offender confesses, he is merely exiled. Failing to confess he may be more severely dealt with, but it is not probable that killing is often, if ever, resorted to now-a-days, thanks to the good influence of the whites.

The old practice of the Zunis in offering human sacrifice to appease the anger of their gods, has also been slightly modified, until today their elaborate ceremonials and religious practices contain much of beauty and uplift and hardly a touch of barbarism. The Zunis tell of a notable case of human sacrifice in connection with their old deserted village on the mesa, where they lived at the time of the coming of the Spanish conquistadors. According to the story, they were driven to the mesa top from their pueblo on the plain, by a great flood which filled the whole plain below and reached almost to the top of the mesa. To appease the aggres-

sive elements, a human sacrifice was deemed necessary. A youth and maiden, son and daughter of two priests, were thrown into the angry, turbid flood. Two great pinnacles, carved by weathering influences from the mesa, are looked upon by the Zunis as the actual youth and maiden turned to stone, and are regarded with much reverence. They have many superstitions and legends associated with this mesa, upon whose summit are spread the extensive ruins of their long-ago deserted village.

There are thirteen secret orders in Zuni, to many of which women and children belong. All boys belong to the order of Koko, but if a girl joins she must take a vow never to marry. Membership of girls in this order is therefore small.

Those well acquainted with the Zuni religion assert that it makes for truth-telling, industry, fair-dealing, faithfulness to promises, honesty, hospitality to strangers, respect for the aged, obedience to parents, tenderness to children, and cheerfulness of heart.

The government of Zuni is hierarchical, the four fundamental religious orders being concerned. The civic governor and his assistants are nominated by the *Ashivanni* (Rain Priesthood). When the governor is notified publicly of his election he is handed the governor's cane, a gift to the tribe from President Lincoln. Formerly a native staff was used. The tenure of office is one year. The dominant authority, however, is said to be the *Ashivanni*.

The Zunis are an agricultural and pastoral people, and farm under a complex system of land tenure. The daughters inherit the landed property after the death of the parents, and the sons must "stake out" new tracts or

buy old ones. If there are no girls in the family, the sons are the next heirs. At the death of the owner, the cattle, sheep, burros, horses and blankets, are divided among the boys and girls of the family. The jewelry of the mother goes to her daughters; that of the father, to the eldest son.

The houses of the Zuni are built in terraces so that the roof of the lower story serves as the front yard for the story above. The houses are built usually of adobe and contain from two to eight rooms. The upper stories are reached by means of ladders

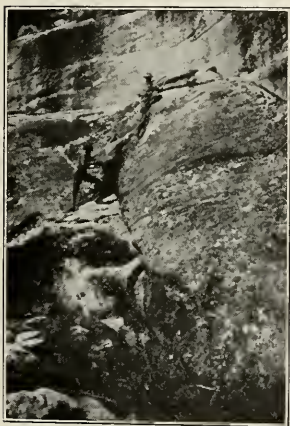


Photo by Stockman,  
*Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### STRENUOUS CLIMBING.

Members of the Utah expedition making their way over the cliffs by means of ropes. Many an ancient cliff-dweller, losing his hold, must have tumbled down, and down, never stopping until life had left his body.

on the outside. The wealthier people reside in the lower rooms and the poor people above—the poorer the higher.

The Zunis' old time division of labor still persists. The men plant and harvest the field crops; the women grind the corn and make bread. The men tend the sheep and cattle, and hunt; the women cook the meat. The men are the silversmiths and do the knitting and most of the sewing; the women are the pottery-makers and blanket-weavers. The men build the walls of the houses; the women plaster them. The children help with all the work and everybody cares for the babies. When necessary the



*Photo by Brooks, Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### "THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"

The last struggling conifers on the edge of a southern Utah forest. Some of our best forests are in the southwest. Billions of feet of good lumber lie awaiting the railroad. Navajo mountain is seen in the distance.

women help gather the field crops which are carried to the pueblo by crude wooden carts or on the backs of burros. Corn is the chief crop and is produced in a dozen or more different colors. Squash, beans, melons and peaches, are also common products of the Zuni field. The peach trees are of the dwarf variety, imported by the early Spanish settlers. These trees are found growing wild in some of the canyons of the Navajo country.

The marriage ceremony of the Zuni is not so elaborate as among some of the southwestern tribes. The advances are initi-



ated by the man. When a youth is sufficiently pleased with a girl he manages to meet her on the road or at the well. He tells her of his admiration and asks permission to go to her house. If she favors him she asks that he wait until she obtain the consent of her parents. He meets her another day, and if her parents are willing he goes with her to her home. The father of the girl gives the young man some advice, urging that when he is married he be industrious. The mother asks him to be good and kind to his wife. He then works for the girl's parents several days, after which he goes to his own parents and asks their consent to the union. If they are willing, the marriage is consummated.

Divorce is obtained by the Zuni in the same way as by the Navajo and is said to be common. The husband may at any time



*Photo by Brooks, Utah Arch. Exped.*

#### THE EXPEDITION AT CAMP IN AN ARIZONA FOREST

The Painted Desert is not a barren waste. There are many spots most inviting for their coolness, beautiful verdure and mountain scenery.

leave his wife, or the wife may discharge her husband at will.

The Zunis are strongly virtuous in sentiment, and immorality is said to be very rare. They have withstood, to a remarkable degree, the vices with which contact with other people has made them acquainted. Their religion and whole life's teachings guard them against many of the evils that cling to civilization.

This mere glimpse of the little world of Zuni shows a people



from whom many a lesson of thrift, honesty, hopefulness and kind-heartedness may be learned. They have for centuries solved their own problems in their own way. The virility of their life is kept up by the daily assembly of the family circle at twilight, where, bound by the ties of strong family affection, they listen with undying interest to the often-told stories and legendary lore which have developed a community of sturdy characters.

## Slander

[Found witten on the last yellowed leaf of an old diary.]

"The tiny worm a pinch of salt might choke  
Will eat the heart out of the sturdy oak;  
The drop of water falling day by day  
In time will wear a continent away;  
So the pure life of reputation dies  
Strangled in gossimer threads of thin white lies."

No! Why endure it twice, to live it then to write it,  
To blazon on your page the wound that seared the soul.  
Just yesterday I braced myself and faced about to meet it,  
Today must not betray the cause for silent self-control.  
The arrow quivered deep where careless hand had shot it,  
Spent in the heart the dart in hidden chambers bled;  
Nor friend nor foe shall know the woe its venom brought it,  
Nor curious alien eye shall see the bitter barb it sped.

Fearless the fawn will gaze upon the man as other cattle  
Till shot, then leaps away to die in hidden leafy bed;  
The veteran soldier shows old scars received in honored battle,  
But shrinks from probing grievous wounds when they are raw and red.

And so the Inner-Self must hide, and bide time's gracious healing,  
And wiser grown alone the Great Physician trust;  
No line upon your page must trace—nor yet erase one feeling,  
Nor quiver of an eyelash prove that I am bowed in dust.

And yet my grief and my regret for self has smallest part,  
The fact that you so wrong *yourself* lies heaviest on my heart.  
O, fool, and blind, the thistle-seed your malice scatters free  
Sows years of locust-years for you, and dragon's-teeth for me.  
No, no! the raven must not nest where doves were wont to hover,  
Nor noxious weeds choke up the path where flowers were wont to dwell.

Slander, nor scoring comments throng my dove of Peace to smother—  
The hand, the hour, that gained the power to maim *thou shalt not tell!*

My welcoming smile may be more sad, it will not be less tender;  
My stricken heart more full of pain will not be less the true,  
My willing hand more palsied be its services to render,  
But holds in fee love's ministry as lilies hold their dew.  
The love, the trust, I freely gave with all I had to give!—  
My love endures, but turns and weeps because faith could not live.  
Some part of me lies buried in the grave I hid that day  
Till Faith arise with Love again and roll the stone away.

SARAH E. HAWLEY PEARSON

# Jeanne

## A Tale of the Hills

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BY GRACE ZENOR ROBERTSON

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You who may chance to look upon the valley of the S—— will feel in that first glance a weird loneliness. Her lava beds speak of some past calamity; her ever-shifting hills of sand seem to be seeking to hide the past. Wildernesses of gray sage-brush, and the mournful cry of the coyote, linger in the memory always—I know not why.

With a broader view of the valley, you will rejoice in the free, wild sweep of plain, and be thrilled by the grandeur of the eternal hills and lofty snow-crowned peaks. You will look with amazement upon the broad canals of crystal water and the blossoming fertility of spacious fields—the splendid growth of towns and villages.

Now, let your eyes travel eastward toward yonder group of peaks; so hazy and indistinct in the Indian summer, they are as dream mountains, far away. Each sunrise from behind those peaks is an aurora of itself, and each sunset makes their summits rosy with a glow no artist yet has painted.

Below the peaks, stretching for miles, gradually rising upward, gradually sweeping onward toward those mightier mountains, the rolling hills lie golden in the autumn sunshine. It is here I wish you to go with me, and I will tell you why, through all my days and through all my nights, I catch glimpses of their beauty—I feel their solitude and all pervading silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jeanne and I were married in the springtime, when early blossoms ran riot in her little garden, and snatches of sunshine fell softly across the rain-swept hills of her beloved homeland. Jeanne would have it so. She, herself, was like a fair, sweet flower of the springtime—all innocent and ignorant of responsibility and sorrow.

Jeanne was no more suited to the life to which I would eventually take her than a lily for a desert. I brushed the thought away. This girl who lived so near the angels, this girl with her flower-like face, loved me. I fancied her as I would fancy some rare, fragile treasure I longed to call my own, neither knowing the value nor æsthetic quality of my prize.

I sometimes wonder still if a man can ever truly understand a woman's heart. Perhaps I might have made some woman happy

—perhaps I might have found happiness in some woman's love. I only know my love was not the love of Jeanne. Jeanne's love was the most unselfish love a woman ever gives. She adored and worshiped with every fiber of her being, and her face shone with the splendor of her happiness.

Jeanne was a dreamer. Her music, her songs, her books—were all a part of her life. Her gentle words, and low, light laughter, bespoke her heart. She was different from all other women I have ever known. She amused me, rested me when I was weary; appealed to me in some mysterious way, and I felt the charm of her personality. I felt this woman understood my heart. I was mistaken. She believed me to be most gentle, and that I loved her above all ambition and worldly gain.

When I spoke to Jeanne of the western ranch among the hills, I tried to explain that this new life would be very different from the life she had lived always. In my mind there were grave forebodings, but my heart whispered she was mine—she would become more practical of necessity. My duty seemed complete when she answered merrily, with many plans for our new home and opportunity.

\* \* \* \* \*

I shall not forget the day in early summer when Jeanne and I rode over the hills side by side. The sky was blue as a sapphire sea, and the mountains blue and white in the clear distance—the wild, wide slope of many hills delightfully green and softened by many acres of growing grain, with here and there the glimpse of a white tent or temporary dwelling.

I saw only the fields which meant prosperity for us; their precious growth meant much to me. I saw the work awaiting me, and I recognized the æsthetic beauty only as Jeanne, with glowing cheeks, drew rein and pointed out the harmony of color, the softened greenness of the slopes—the valley with its scattered cities far below us. I was impatient at the delay, and with one last look over the valley, she followed me—followed me into my own life, of which Jeanne knew nothing.

The days I would forget, grew into weeks. My hands were busy with my work, my mind was busy with the affairs I must superintend, and in those days I fear I forgot Jeanne. I felt my disappointment keenly. The woman I had brought into my life was not a woman of the hills—she could not share with me my responsibility and care. She was neglected.

I left her in the early mountain dawns, hurriedly, impatient of her plea of loneliness. I came to her at night too worn and spent to bear the clinging of her arms or listen to her happy laughter. I was brutal in my indifference. I wonder not, now, that Jeanne's beauty faded and her eyes grew dim with many secret tears. Happiness may flourish in desert places or on

mountain tops, with love to nourish it, but a human soul as sensitive and gentle as Jeanne, cannot live without devotion, any more than a flower can flourish without the rain and sunshine.

Through weary days, she saw the illimitable sweep of billowing grain, the chain of rugged mountains—the valleys far below. She heard, oftentimes the rattle of the lithe, gray snake through the ripening grain, and felt the scorching rays of the noonday sun. At evening, when the stars shone silver and shadows lengthened, the mournful cry of the coyote broke the awful stillness of the hills.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last my heart awakened to the love I had not prized. With the love she craved and the blessed love of little children, Jeanne was a woman so tender, so true, she could have made a wilderness an Eden. It was too late. I understood a woman's heart, perhaps, when it was frozen in her breast. When I awoke to the value of the treasure I had lost, and my great selfishness, I realized why Jeanne had left the tented home of the hills and my indifference.

When we found her in her wandering loneliness, the life was gone forever from the eyes that once shone with the priceless beauty of the soul. The form once so supple and full of grace was bent and drooping; and the arms that had so clung to me for protection and sympathy, fell aimlessly at her side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jeanne has fallen asleep—and the songs of the wild birds lull her to a sweeter rest than she has ever known.

The wealth that surrounds me, and the pleasures it might bring are as fires to my soul. Always I see, day or night, the sloping, golden hills, the rugged canyon, with its crimson flash of oak, the weird sweep of the plain. I feel the sweltering heat of noon, and the chill of the mountain night. And—then I see Jeanne, as I rode with her across the hills on that first summer day. I hear her voice calling always from the silence of the hills.

PARKER, IDAHO

## Could We But Understand

Could we but understand the trials of another,

Look into the heart and read the anguish written there,  
We each hasty word would smother, and as kindly as a mother,  
Ease the burden of the cross each one doth bear.

Could we but understand the motives of another,

Could we know the whys and wherefores, every reason for each fall,  
Could we realize the struggle of the soul before it yielded,  
We would judge our fellow creatures not at all.

Could we but understand, we might oftentimes count as brothers

Those we look upon with awe and treat as foes;  
Could we understand, oh, never would we plant a thistle ever  
When we might have caused to bloom instead a rose.

GRACE INGLES FROST



# Small Things Make up Life

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BY PROFESSOR J. C. HOGENSON, OF THE UTAH STATE AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE

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There are many people who seem to think that life for them is made up of one or more big things, and that it is these few big things which they must always look forward to and work for. For a person who thinks and acts thus, life is often a failure, for the big things never come. Life for most people is made up of a thousand and one little things, and their success or failure in life will depend largely upon how well each small, seemingly unimportant, task and duty is done as it comes along. If the small things are done well and to the best of one's ability, then, later on, if big things do come they can be done much more successfully than they could have been done if the small things had been neglected. Small things well done prepare for larger things being successfully done.

One of the songs of Solomon says: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." This language is figurative and teaches that little things very often blight the fairest prospect of human happiness, and that great effects may, and often do, result from minute causes. A match in itself is a small, innocent thing, yet it may cause conflagration that means the loss of many human lives and millions of dollars of wealth. A spark of fire coming in contact with a magazine of gunpowder becomes an instrument of extensive mischief and destruction.

A moment is scarcely noticed, but centuries are made up of them. The mountains in their massiveness are made up of grains of clay and sand. The mighty river rolling on its way to the ocean consists of drops. The majestic avalanche, sweeping destruction as it moves like a flash down the mountain side, is made up of flakes of snow.

The man who tills the soil has many little things confront him which in themselves seem rather unimportant. He allows his plowed land to remain rough for a day or a week before harrowing. What does it matter? Many tons of water are lost from such a soil every day through evaporation. Later when crops are growing upon that soil they suffer for the moisture that was allowed to escape. Harrowing would have prevented the evaporation largely. He allows the manure to accumulate around the barn and yard. The rain, snows and sunshine leach out the

fertility so that his soil suffers. He allows his machinery to stand out in all kinds of weather. Their life of usefulness is shortened at least one half. He plants poor seed. His crops are poor as a result. He allows his cut alfalfa to lie in the swath until dry. Most of the leaves are lost and, hence, about half of the feeding value of the hay. He puts his hay up into poor stacks—the rain spoils most of it. Each one of these seems small in itself but taken together they cause the doers of them to say that "Farming does not pay." They spell failure.

It is the little sins that make the way for larger ones.

"Vice is a monster of such fearful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen.  
But seen too oft', familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

You remember the story of the shopman and the camel. The shopman had his shop along the road where camels passed. One day the shopman's door was open and one of the camels stuck his nose into the doorway. The shopman, thinking it was clever, did not rebuke the beast. The next day as the camel passed by, it stuck its head into the doorway. So each day it became a little more bold until finally it walked into the shop and did a great deal of damage.

Little sins unchecked or uncontrolled lead to big sins. Guard carefully such little sins as bad temper, careless conversation or gossip, extremes in dress, bad associates, neglect of duties. These vices dull the conscience, and cause the Spirit of God to depart, and thus hinder spiritual growth and fruitfulness. Treat them as foes, for "the wages of sin is death." Remember that a little leaven causes the whole lump to rise, a little bullet may kill a man. A little leak in a big ship may sink it. A flaw in a good cause mars it; one little sin in our lives unrepented of, may shut the door to heaven and open wide the gate to destruction. It is not necessary to commit great sins to hide the light of God's countenance, or silence the whisperings of that still, small voice within us; small ones will do it just as well.

LOGAN, UTAH

# Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon

BY THOMAS W. BROOKBANK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "MILLENNIAL STAR"

## VII

### 17. *The Possessor Expressed by Nouns in Construct Relation, as, "the Temple of Jehovah."*

Why, says one, there is nothing particularly Hebraic in such a construction as that! It is used in English very often. But let us remember, however, that the Hebrew had a decided preference for the construct state as a means of expression where applicable, and their writings abound with examples of its use. We have just seen how they employed it when substitutting nouns for adjectives, and if we find, further, that there is more than the customary resort, as English practice goes, to the equivalent form of the construct state in Hebrew instead of our common form with an apostrophe to denote the possessor, that fact will put the Book of Mormon on a basis which is distinctly Jewish in this particular aspect, and tend strongly to show that no English author wrote that work.

Omitting pronominal possessives, which the Hebrews did employ freely, the first common noun form of the English possessive occurs in I Nephi 3:16: "let us go down to the land of our father's inheritance;" and the second time in I Nephi 10:8: "whose shoe's latchet." It is, therefore, evident that chapter after chapter may be read in the Book of Mormon without finding a single possessive of the foregoing form in them, and the total number of such forms in the whole work is surprisingly small, considering the size of that volume and the frequent occasions which arise for expressing the possessive relation. Those which do occur are given in the following list:

Father's, I Nephi 3:16; Mos. 6:4;	Cockatrice's, II Nephi 30:14.
9:1; Alma 21:1; 22:28.	Neighbor's, Mos. 13:24 (three
Shoe's, I Nephi 10:8.	times), 26:31.
Men's, Ether 10:5.	Dav's, Mos. 9:4; Alma 8:6; Hela.
Name's, I Nephi 20:9; III Nephi	4:7.
12:10.	Man's, Alma 24:17, 18; 30:7; 4:17.
King's, Mos. 7:7; 18:34; 20:17;	Lehonti's, Alma 47:12, 13.
24:9; Alma 18:3, 13; 22:2, 20.	Righteous', Alma 45:15; 46:10;
High Priests', Alma 30:23.	62:40; Hela. 13:14.
Word's, Alma 38:4.	Wisdom's, Mos. 2:36.

Gadianton's, Hela. 6:18.	Other's, Alma 55:2.
Lord's, II Nephi 28:3 (twice).	Another's, Mos. 18:8.
Moses', Mos. 13:5; III Nephi 27:8 (twice).	Amalickiah's, Alma 47:8.
Christ's, Alma 4:13; Jacob 1:4.	God's, Alma 12:18; III Nephi 12:34.
People's, Hela. 13:17.	Half's, Alma 22:32.
Lamanite's, Mormon 5.7 (twice).	Son's, Alma 46:24 (twice).
Potter's, II Nephi 27:27.	

The possessives occurring in the quotations from Isaiah are not included, nor are those which are found in the "contents" of books or chapters. In this list there are only twenty-seven different possessives, which together are used fifty-eight times. Of this number one writer alone, Alma, has employed twenty-five, and another, Mosiah, fourteen, leaving for the other dozen authors of the several parts of the Book of Mormon, after deducting thirty-eight pages for the quotations found in their writings, one noun possessive, on an average, for every 18.5 pages of their record. This showing is so remarkable in all respects that some may question the completeness of the list of possessives as given.

As to that point the writer does not, of course, claim that it is absolutely not subject to additions; but it is a complete list so far as painstaking search can make it.

But the remarkable thing concerning the non-use of nouns in the common possessive form is not yet half told; for we find the form *Lord's* but twice in the entire Book of Mormon, while the equivalent of the construct state of nouns using his name occurs about *three hundred* times in a possessive sense in expressions such as "commandments of the Lord," "name of the Lord," "people of the Lord," "presence of the Lord," "promises of the Lord," etc., etc. It would not be strange in view of these facts if the form "*Lord's*" were itself found more times than all the noun possessives in the whole book; but to find it *twice* only out of a possible *three hundred* approaches closely to its absolute non-use. When we come to consider the name "God" in this same relation, the facts are still more noticeable. In a possessive sense it is used more than *four hundred and fifty* times, but only *twice* as "*God's*." The phrase "church of God" occurs thirty-two times "commandment of God," or "commandments of God," fifty-eight times; kingdom of God," thirty-eight times; "power of God," fifty-nine times; "Spirit of God," twenty-one times, and "word" or "words of God," over one hundred times.

This state of affairs is plausibly accounted for by referring the writing of the Book of Mormon to authors who, like ancient Hebrews in general, were partial to the use of nouns in the construct relation.

As it can not possibly serve our purpose any further to cite other nouns used in the possessive relation, according to the prin-



ciples of the construct state, we pass to view this form of expression in another aspect.

18. *The Construct Relation in Consecutive Usage.*

Quoting Prof. Greene again, we find that "three, four, or even five nouns are sometimes joined together in the relation of the construct state," as, "the heads of the houses of their fathers" (Ex. 6:14; "the number of the tribes of the children of Israel" Josh. 4:5); "the fruit of the greatness of the heart of the king of Assyria" (Isa. 10:12).—*Heb. Gram.*, par. 255, 3.

EXAMPLES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Submitting first a whole verse, we have, "And it came to pass that we gathered together all manner of seeds of every kind, both of grain of every kind, and also of the seeds of fruit of every kind" (I Nephi 8:1).

In this passage, the disposition of the writers of the Book of Mormon to build constructions of this nature one upon another, is very manifest:

"the commencement of the first year of the reign of Zedekiah king of Judah" (I Nephi 1:4); "down to the commencement of the reign of Zedekiah king of Judah" (I Nephi 5:12); "caught hold of the end of the rod of iron" (I Nephi 8:24, 30); "unto the visiting of the remnants of the house of Israel" (I Nephi 13:33); "many of the kings of the isles of the sea" (I Nephi 19:12); "the making known of the covenants of the Father of heaven" (I Nephi 22:9); "commencement of the ninth year of the reign of the judges" (Alma 4:20); "sharpness of the power of the word of God" (II Nephi 1:26); "knowledge of the baseness of the traditions of their fathers" (Alma 17:9); "revelation of the truth of the word" (Alma 6:8); "the other side of the river of water" (I Nephi 8:26).

Single verses containing two examples, in each of which three nouns occur in this relation, are not infrequent, as "the power of the Lamb of God," and "the Saints of the Church of the Lamb," are readings in I Nephi 14:14, and "an account of the reign of the kings," and, "part of the reign of the kings," are both in I Nephi 9:4. For three such constructions in a single verse see I Nephi 13:38.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## **“Whatsoever Thou Shalt Bind on Earth Shall be Bound in Heaven”**

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BY JOSEPH S. PEERY

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Recently, as usual, a company of tourists was escorted from the Bureau of Information, and after visiting the Assembly Hall and the Tabernacle, gathered on the south side of the Temple, anxious to learn something of the important work performed therein.

Among other topics, the subject of marriage was introduced. The guide explained that a majority of the “Mormon” people prefer to be married in one of our temples. He explained the difference between marriages thus solemnized and those usually performed elsewhere.

Continuing, he said, “The same authority is recognized as that given by Christ to Peter, ‘Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven.’ We believe that this authority was held by the early apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and we also believe that centuries later Peter, James and John, resurrected beings, appeared to the Prophet Joseph Smith and conferred the same authority upon him. In turn, Joseph Smith conferred this authority upon his followers who were ordained to the priesthood, and thus it continues with us today. When a couple gets married in these holy temples, they are married, under that authority, for all time and all eternity, and when death comes the married relationship continues; they will remain husband and wife, and will have their children with them. Is not that a good thought, you happily married people?”

The consensus of opinion in the company was that there is no married relationship in the next life. One lady answered, “No, that is not a good thought.” Another remarked, “Christ said, in heaven there will be no marriages.” Another thought, “In heaven we will all be one whole.” Another, “We will know each other in heaven, but not as parents and children.” The thought, however, appealed to some in the company as being good and right and proper.

One lady was so impressed that she asked, “Why, do not all ‘Mormons’ marry in the Temple?” The answer was, “Not all are worthy to enter the holy temples, and some, who are worthy, do not seem to realize the importance of securing the blessings com-

ing from marrying therein. Those who are married outside the temples are united for life only, until death parts them, and when death comes, of course, the marriage agreement ends."

Then the guide appealed to the reason and experience of the tourists in this life, in behalf of the eternal family relationship: "You tourists know that the best relationship in this life is that of husband and wife, and parent and child. You know that the home is the strength of any community. Is it not?" Several spoke, "Yes." "Then if the marital relationship is the most elevating, the most inspiring, the most noble, the best relationship that we know of in this life, why should it not be the best relationship in the life to come? Why should those loving, tender ties be closed forever through death? Such a thought must have appealed to Stonewall Jackson, for he is reported to have said: 'Heaven would not be a heaven to me, without my wife.' I endorse that remark, and add, without my children also, heaven would not be a heaven to me."

"You all believe in the immortality of the soul, do you not?"

"Yes," was the general answer.

"What does that mean?" A man spoke up, "That life endures forever."

"Correct," the guide responded. "When we die, we live. We start there with the same intelligence that we leave off with here. There we will move, think, act, accept, reject and have our being. There we will be sentient, intelligent beings. There we will recognize our friends, relatives and acquaintances. Would you people wish to recognize your fathers and mothers as your parents over there, as you do here? Would you parents wish to recognize your children over there as you do here?"

The question struck deeply. Not a person in the company made a negative answer. "The more you think of this belief of the eternal family relationship, the better you will like it."

There were several young men in the company, and the guide made a special appeal to them. "Get married, young men. Get married, each of you, and have a wife and children to bear your name. Have that splendid blessing come into your lives. You will be better men for yourselves and the communities in which you live, if you are married men. Do not delay too long in getting married. Delays are dangerous. Do not delay until the resurrection, for the Savior said, 'In the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven.' Most people interpret those words, as the lady in this company, that the family relationship ceases with this life. We interpret them to say that in the resurrection the marriage ceremony will not be performed. Why? For the good reason, that this is the life, the period, the time, to start the family relationship. Two ordinances have to be performed on this earth: one is bap-

tism and the other is marriage. In this probation we prepare and lay the foundation for all future life."

As the company was returning to the Bureau of Information, to obtain the free literature, a sober, earnest young man of fine countenance remarked to the guide, "I belong to the — church. Our minister married my wife and myself. We are regular churchgoers. Do you mean to say that I will not have my wife in the hereafter?"

The guide's answer was candid, but not comforting: "Ask your minister. Like all the ministers, of all the denominations of this earth, with the one exception of this, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, your minister will tell you that the family relationship ceases with this life, and your minister is consistent in his teaching, for when he married you he plainly stated, 'for life only and until death do you part.' Is not that so?"

The young man sadly admitted it to be so, and, after receiving the literature, he walked away in deep thought. When he meets a "Mormon" missionary, probably he will be interested in continuing the gospel conversation.



M. I. A. BOYS' BAND, EMERY STAKE

The organization of bands is one of the means of enlisting boys in the work of the associations; a band rightly conducted tends to enliven the ward, and to create interest in the Mutual Improvement Association.



# War and Retribution

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BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

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Practically all Europe is today at war. Is it a just retribution?

In the year 1878 the European powers that are now grappling for supremacy at arms sat in conference in the city of Berlin, after the Russo-Turkish war. In that war Russia had won the freedom of the Balkan states with the aid of the inhabitants of the Balkans themselves. The Balkan people were mostly kindred to Russia. They were people of the same race, the Slavs.

The central and most powerful of the Slavs of the Balkans were the Serbs whose growth and military power might become very objectionable to Austria. The Serbs had fought valiantly for their liberty along with their Russian brethren of the north, and when Russia was about to snatch the fruits of that victory, Europe stepped in and cried, halt! Russia against all Europe was unthinkable, and the Russians bowed to the inevitable. The Serbs were entitled to their fullest liberty, and deserved the fruits of their national achievements. In that fateful hour Europe stepped in and inflicted an incalculable wrong upon Serbia.

In those days Germany was the dominating power of continental Europe. Bismarck was anxious to promote the dual alliance between Austria and the German empire, and when Austria insisted that the Servians must be broken asunder, Bismarck's dominating influence and the celebrated treaty of Berlin, in 1878, compelled the acquiescence of all the other powers. The western portion of Serbia was divided into Austrian protectorates, under the names of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was one of the most cruel strokes of international diplomacy; it was a wicked thing to do.

Austria had determined to absorb into that dual empire the Slav race of the Balkans in southern Europe. Russia had given them their freedom by its treasury and its blood. Austria had not lifted a hand in the liberation of the Slavic races to the south of the Danube, and yet what she did was to claim ultimately the best if not all the fruits of the Russian and Slavonic victory. However, Serbia was divided, an act which the Servians have always bitterly resented.

One of the reasons for such a division of Serbia was so to hem that nation in that its growth and development would well nigh be impossible. Serbia had no outlets to the markets of the world and for these the Servians have been carrying on against

Austria what has been sarcastically called "the hog and poultry war."

The hogs and poultry business of Servia amounted to millions, and gave promise of great wealth to that country. These articles could not be gotten into the markets of the world without crossing Austrian territory. If the Servians sent a hog to London, the Austrians held it up under the most aggravating regulations of quarantine, and such exports under such conditions were made at times wholly valueless. Think of it. Chickens have sold in Servia for five cents apiece and hogs were scarcely worth a dollar, all because Austria, in her anti-Servian policy, wanted to hem in that Slavic people and retard their progress. In time, (1908) Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina and it was in the Austrian program also to take advantage of the first pretext for annexing Servia.

During the late war between the Balkan allies and Turkey, Servia gave a good account of herself on the field of battle. She fought her way to the Adriatic and captured the seaport of Durazzo. Again the concert of Europe inflicted a gross wrong upon Servia when, in the treaty of London, they compelled the Servians to surrender Durazzo and withdraw her rights to a seaport that was almost necessary for Servia's existence. Again Europe, at the behest of Austria, showed injustice and crime to their wants; and that mockery, the concert of Europe, is now reaping the whirlwind. Austrian demands, backed by German power and influence, forced these concessions from the unwilling nations of Europe, who have at last stated, "We shall not bow another inch." The refusal of the rest of Europe to bow any farther, and the refusal of Russia, France and England to follow the lead of Germany in Austria's new extension program, is justified no doubt by their present belief that that dual alliance of Germany and Austria cannot force further concessions even at the point of the sword.

Why did these nations not resist in 1878 and prevent a gross international wrong? Why did they not do their duty, and in the recent treaty of London, following the Balkan war, give to the Servians that to which, by every principle of right, they were entitled, and leave the Servians free in the use of the port on the Adriatic which they had conquered from Turkey? It's the old story—the fear of German supremacy! For forty years the German supremacy has been feared in Europe. For forty years that supremacy has been the controlling factor in the concert of Europe. Today it is disputed and must be settled by the arbiter of war. Is the present war a just retribution for the wrongs of Europe?

# The Value of Opportunity

BY JOHN E. RUSSELL

[In the June, 1914, M. I. A. oratorical contest, "The Value of Opportunity" was one of the two Senior orations that came up in the final contest.—EDITORS.]

Hundreds of years ago there lived near the shore of the River Indus, a Persian by the name of Ali Hafed. He lived in a mansion upon the river bank from which he could get a view of the beautiful country stretching away to the sea. He had a wife, happy children, fields of grain, orchards of fruit, gardens of flowers and miles of forest.

One day he heard the priest of Buddha explaining how the first beams of sunshine condensed upon the earth's surface into diamonds. He further spoke of the great value of these stones, stating that one the size of the thumb would purchase mines of copper, gold and silver; that with a handful, one may become the possessor of a kingdom. Ali listened, but was no longer a rich man; for, with discontent, all wealth vanishes.

The great and beautiful estate of Ali was sold. Entrusting the care of his family to a good neighbor, in the quest of diamonds he left them.

Over the mountains of Arabia, through Palestine and Egypt, he wandered for years, but found no diamonds. When his money was all gone, ashamed of his folly and his rags, he came back for a last look at his old home. What was his great dismay to learn that during his absence, his successor to the estate had become the possessor of the great diamond beds of Golconda. And further, that they had been discovered upon the same estate of which Ali was once master.

Ali threw himself headlong into the tide and was drowned.



JOHN E. RUSSELL

I need not state that Ali should have remained at home and "dug in his own garden."

What was lacking? Simply the ability to see the relationship between opportunity and life. The two are very closely related, one being dependent upon the other.

But what is opportunity? It is the chance "to do" and "to be," where we are. Oh, what a power and influence it wields in the development of life and character! Indeed, opportunity is the medium through and by which we pass to higher living.

Too often chance stands at the helms of our lives, and we "drift" and do not "steer." Consequently, no definite method is employed whereby we utilize the many opportunities that come into our lives in numberless series—three hundred sixty-five every single year.

Now, if opportunity play so important a part in life, let us consider this one thing, this evening. In discussing this topic, we are confronted with a very broad field, thus necessitating that we consider the subject in the collective and abstract sense, and not in its many phases.

There is a close relationship between opportunity and youth, for the gain or loss of youth depends directly upon the use or disuse of opportunity. Because of this fact, and the existing conditions of youth as relevant factors, let us analyze the situation, that we may hope to answer a few pertinent questions of this character.

Why are so many young lives undeveloped? Why has the youthful, progressive existence of so many been lost?

I believe it is because of the neglect of opportunity!

But why such a condition? What reasons can we find to reveal such information?

No doubt, we would ask in the first place, is it because of a scarcity of opportunity, or lack of privilege?

Oh, no; that cannot be true. Upon every hand, and in every direction we find opportunity that may be converted to our lives. Such a condition has been and always will be. For ages past the lightning flashed in the heavens, begging the recognition of man; finally it was found, and so given to the world of mankind. Thus all nature speaks to man in her varied language.

If this analogy does not hold true, then we must seek another. If there be an abundant supply of opportunities, then it lies possibly in the selection of the opportunity pursued. All present know that we get just what we look for in life. The bee and the spider may visit the same flower—the one extract honey, and the other poison. Hence, the importance of proper selection, for too often the great mistakes of people's lives have been of this character.

Or can it be, that we, as young people, do not utilize opportunities as presented, because we feel too humble and incapable



of grappling with big, strong situations of life, which we must of necessity meet? When such thoughts come into my soul, I think of the fact that the "Lord must love common people, that is why he made so many of them."

Still there is another factor which we must consider, that of preparation. A relation exists between one opportunity and its successor, in that the use of one and its consequent conversion into preparation for the use of the second, is a necessary process. We must be "ready" for bigger things when they are presented to us.

But still there is a lacking element. These four analogies do not answer the requirements of a seemingly necessary five. Must we then take the only alternative left us, upon which to base our case? Must we come to this final conclusion and make this final statement? "The reason that we do not properly appropriate the many blessings which we receive is because of simple and sheer neglect to utilize these opportunities." And with but few exceptions to this general rule, I believe it will fit and solve our problem, in most, or nearly all, the cases with which we are familiar, ourselves included.

If such be the condition, let us ask again, what are the causes?  
In most every case it is simply because,

"We look too high,  
For things close by."

I do not believe that the destiny of any man, woman or child lies without them, or in their environment exactly, but that it does lie within the individual. He, and he alone, must adapt himself to his surroundings, or his surroundings to himself, as the case may be. I do not believe that any man can use a telescope with which to peer off into space and find himself and his proper power. But rather, man needs an X-ray for internal inspection; for within man, and immediately around and about man, lies his greatest strength, his power, and his destiny.

We may travel to Europe, or to nations and climes, but when there, we must use that which we do then possess and that with which we are then in touch! A truth and a fact from which we cannot detach ourselves. Did we ever stop to consider that we have the splendor, value, and influence here at home, right here at home, rivaling that to be found in any European country? This we shall find to be true if we will but familiarize ourselves with our most favorable surroundings, and with the many factors contributing. If this single truth—the value of opportunities of home and of immediate conditions—could be felt and properly realized, it would be invaluable to ourselves, our fellow-men, our church, our state and our nation. Especially would it be valuable to those of meager means, financially, yet millionaires in the riches of the soul, which could then be developed and brought into light.

Oh, what a broad field is open before us, in every direction, and especially in the glorious Church of which we are members, where our definite course in the otherwise pathless sea of mortality is plainly visible.

We too often try to substitute one thing for another. True, this is a great age of substitution, when one article is substituted for another, one mode of attire for another, the raw for the refined, and so on. But never in the history of the world, nor in the ages that may yet follow, can there be, nor will there be, a life substituted for the life which is strong, wholesome, clean and pure; in other words, the life of an honest, upright and true Latter-day Saint.

Then, the great question which we must ask: "How can we, as the young people of Israel, develop such lives?"

The answer is simple: Utilize the many opportunities afforded us where we are, both by the State and by the Church. And among the many others, let us not forget the great M. I. A. organization where numberless opportunities are afforded only in the guise of the manifold blessings of the Almighty.

May we appreciate ourselves and our surroundings is my humble prayer.

REXBURG, IDA.



AMERICAN FORK M. I. A. SCOUTS, MOUNTAIN DELL, PIONEER TRAIL,  
JULY 24, 1914, CLIFFORD E. YOUNG, SCOUTMASTER



### MAR-GA-RET.

Mar-ga-ret is my gur-il's name,  
But I don't call her that—  
Maggie's what I call her most,  
When her little hand I pat;  
Honey-sweet she likes the best,  
When only us is there—  
Sweeter'n honey from the bee  
Is Maggie, I declare!

We had our pitchters taken, too,  
An' Maggie said to me,  
"You stan' up straight and look as brave  
A husban' as kin be!"  
She's my queen, an' I'm her king,  
An' Maggie said she know'd  
If I had a beard I would be  
The bestest king that grow'd.

They hain't no girl as sweet as her,  
'Cause Maggie's good as gold,  
Fer when I broke Ma's biggest clock  
Dear Maggie never told;  
They hain't no eyes as deep as her'n,  
An' Maggie's are jest as blue  
As robin's eggs, er buff'lo flow'rs,  
Er blue-bells filled with dew!

Now, Maggie says when we're grow'd up  
She'll marry me some day,—  
O, I love Maggie more an' more,  
In jest the sweetest way!  
An' then when she's my wife fer sure,  
I hope I'll not forget  
To call her honey-sweet sometimes,  
Instid of Mar-ga-ret!

HARRISON R. MERRILL

PRESTON, IDAHO

## Editors' Table

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### The Great War

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It would not be at all surprising if the present great war, now spreading terror over the nations, should end in upsetting and changing the forms of government now in vogue in Europe so as to grant more liberty to the masses. The time appears ripe for a change that shall take the power of declaring war from the single monarch or war lord and give it to representatives of the people. Many have expressed themselves that the day of the Republic is about to dawn over eastern and middle Europe. This war will go far in determining that question. One thing is certain, the doctrine of peace by armed force, held to so long and tenaciously by czars, kings and emperors, is a failure, and should without question forever be abandoned. It has been wrong from the beginning. That we get what we prepare for is literally true in this case. For years it has been held that peace comes only by preparation for war; the present conflict should prove that peace comes only by preparing for peace, through training the people in righteousness and justice, and selecting rulers who respect the righteous will of the people.

The dispatches report a common soldier of the German army as saying, "This is not a people's war, it is a war of the leaders." But as one writer has aptly said: "Out of this sacrifice will come a resolution firmly taken to have no more wheat-growers, and growers of corn, makers of wine, miners and fishers, artisans and traders sailors and store-keepers, offered up with prayer to the Almighty in a feudal slaughter, armed against one another, without hate, or without cause they know, or, if they know, would give a penny which way it was determined."

Each of those who are responsible for the decision of war in the present European horror, expressed himself at the beginning of the war, as expecting that the Lord would be on his side and would work victory for him. Each commended his subjects to God. "Go to church and kneel before God, and pray for his help for our gallant army," the Kaiser is reported to have said from his balcony to the people in the street. And to his soldiers he is reported to have said: "Go with your hearts to God, and your fists to the enemy." And so with the Czar and the Emperor of Austria—both commended their subjects to God. At the Kremlin, Emperor Nicholas prayed: "God be with us." But is it because they believe in their righteous cause



that these rulers call upon God, or is it done to appease their own ambitions and the religious feelings of their subjects, the better to spur them on to war and carnage to suit the rulers' purposes?

The Lord has little if anything to do with this war. He will overrule things so that good will come out of it, but he will not heed the war lords who have transgressed his laws, changed his ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant and arrogated to themselves authority which has never been conferred upon them. The true religion of Christ, which teaches peace on earth and good will to man, and which would prevent them from engaging in war and slaughter, they have never adopted. While they seemingly acknowledge allegiance to the Christian religion, they are not touched nor influenced by its teachings, for these are fundamentally opposed to war and discord, and look to a final gathering of all mankind into one great brotherhood ruled by love. These leading, so-called Christian rulers of the nations pretend to pray to the God of peace and love, and yet with all their might make preparation to fly at each others' throats, even as the uncivilized heathens do who have never heard of Christ. Some are inclined, therefore, to consider their course an indictment against the gospel of Christ, because it has had no influence on their lives. It is not so much an indictment against the gospel as against those professing Christian rulers "who draw near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrines the commandments of men; having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." Many of them do not even pretend to live up to those teachings in their daily lives.

There is only one thing that can bring peace into the world. It is the adoption of the gospel of Jesus Christ, rightly understood, obeyed and practiced by rulers and people alike. It is being preached in spirit to all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples of the world, by the Latter-day Saints, and the day is not far distant when its message of salvation shall sink deep into the hearts of the common people, who, in sincerity and earnestness, when the time comes, will not only surely register their judgment against a false Christianity, but against war and the makers of war as crimes against the human race.

Not long hence, and the voice of the people shall be obeyed and the true gospel of peace shall dominate the hearts of the mighty. It will then be impossible for war lords to have power over the life and death of millions of men as they now have, to decree the ruin of commerce, industry, and growing fields, or to cause untold mental agony and human misery like plague and pestilence to prevail over the nations. It looks much as if after the devastation of wars, as promised in the scriptures, (and who shall say that it may not follow this war?) the self-constituted monarchs must give way to rulers chosen by the people, who

shall be guided by the doctrines of love and peace as taught in the gospel of our Lord. There will then be instituted a new social order in which the welfare of all shall be uppermost and all shall be permitted to live in the utmost liberty and happiness.

In the presence of the appalling combat now going on, whatever may befall, we can only pray that peace may speedily come to the afflicted nations, and that the Lord will open the way for the gospel of peace, liberty, and spiritual and temporal salvation that it may be espoused by every nation, kindred, tongue and people.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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### Austria and Servia

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The conflict now progressing in Europe promises to deluge the warring nations with blood, and to destroy untold billions of material wealth, the loss of which sooner or later is sure to be sorely felt throughout the whole world. While the immediate cause of the trouble between Austria and Servia was the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, on June 28, the real cause, as has been pointed out by Dr. Tanner in this number, dates back to 1878, and even farther. Bosnia and Herzegovina, in which states more than half of the Servian people live, were then placed in the power of Austria, which country some thirty years later formally annexed them. The trouble between Austria and Servia has two roots, one economic and the other national. The first pertains to present day needs, the other to pride in their past history and national hope for the future. One can readily understand the first, as pointedly stated in the *New York Independent*, by placing oneself in the Servian's place:

Imagine a country about the size of Maryland, but with twice the population, though without Maryland's mineral and maritime wealth; a mountainous country, four-fifths of it uncultivated, much of it oak forest. It is a decapitated country, the upper classes killed off, driven away or proselyted during the Ottoman occupation, no princes of either the monarchical or mercantile kind, few capitalists or great landowners such as dominate neighboring Roumania. It is a land of peasant proprietors; "A Poor Man's Paradise," the scribbling tourist is fond of calling it, although it is doubtful whether the poor man enjoys living in such a country as much as he does where there is more money going, even though he does not have so much of it as some others. The people are Slavic by race, Asiatic in culture, four-fifths of the adults illiterate, Greek Orthodox by religion, frugal, hard-working, independent, democratic and patriotic.

Given such a people in such a country what are they to do for a living? Obviously not much except to grow grain and meat for export. Hogs can find their food in most of the oak woods and be fattened on the corn of the fields, but where can they be sold? Not to the southward, for the Mohammedans of Macedonia and the Jews of Salonika

do not eat pork. But to the north just across the Danube is a big, rich country inhabited mostly by Catholics who have no aversion to swine-flesh except on one day of the week. Austria-Hungary is then the natural market for Servian products, and here they mostly go. But whenever Austria wants to annoy Servia or to please Hungary all she has to do is to raise the tariff rates on trans-Danubian produce or prohibit the importation of Servian pigs or poultry by quarantine rules on the ground of some suppositious disease. By the practice of such tactics, called by the German writers, "Schwein-politik," Austria has reduced Servia to a condition of economic dependence from which Servia is striving to free herself by securing an outlet to the sea and so to the wide world market. But so far Austria has checkmated this endeavor. Last year, at the sacrifice of some seventy thousand men, Servia cleared the way to the Adriatic, but now finds herself shut out from the sea by the interposition of the Albanian principality manufactured for the purpose.

But the frustration of her national, which includes her social, rather than her industrial, development, thinks the *Independent*, is the chief grudge which Servia has against her neighbor, Austria. Looking back some six hundred years, the Serbs remember when Steffan the Daring conquered nearly all the Balkan peninsula, and combined in one ruler the glories of both ancient Greece and Rome. They still dream of a Servian nation and kingdom. They dreamed of it in 1878, when they sought to throw off the Turkish yoke. They dreamed of it in 1913, when they succeeded in throwing off that yoke, and in making their way to the sea, but Austria, in both instances, stepped in and prevented them from obtaining the richest portion of the reward for which they fought. Austria, they think, has stood in the way of the possibility of a Servian empire, or a Greater Servia, of which they dream, or even of one country of the Servian race alone. It was Austria who insisted upon the establishment of the new principality of Albania when, upon all just grounds, that portion of the country in the recent adjustment of the Balkan states, should have fallen to Servia. Whether the Servians are better off under the Austrian rule than their more independent neighbors across the Danube is a question under dispute. Tourists report that Bosnia is more prosperous and progressive than Servia, but the contentment of a people is not to be measured by commercial statistics. The *Independent* continues:

The Serbs in Bosnia complain that taxes are much higher than they used to be under the Turkish regime, that they are being strangled by the red-tape of the Austrian bureaucracy, that the schools are under the control of Catholic priests, that they cannot sing the old songs, that their press is muzzled, and that the Government discriminates in various ways against the Orthodox Serbs and in favor of the Catholic Croats.

This accumulated resentment against Austria resulted in the tragedy of June 28, when a Servian student, lately returned from Belgrade, aflame with racial fanaticism, assassinated the Austrian heir-apparent and his wife in Sarajevo, the capital of the annexed province

of Bosnia. This is the method used by the Serbs in their own country for getting rid of unpopular rulers, so it is no wonder that it should have been adopted in the case of the Austrian. In a hundred years Servia has had eight rulers, of whom three have been assassinated and four deposed by revolution or the threat of one. It does not yet seem likely that the present King Peter will prove an exception to the rule and complete his reign by a natural death. He owes his throne to the officers of the army, who, eleven years ago, entered the palace by night and murdered King Alexander and Queen Draga as well as the premier, the minister of war and two of the queen's brothers. The outrages inflicted on their bodies by those who both before and afterward held high office in the state, make quite credible the reports of atrocities committed by the Serbs on unarmed Bulgars and Albanians in the late war.

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### The Great War of the Nations

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This paragraph is quoted from a stirring editorial on the great war of the nations, which appeared in the Glasgow (Scotland) *Herald*, August 3. On that date the war was impending. Today it is engulfing Europe in blood and tears; and filling the whole world with terror:

"It is done." In apocalyptic vision the opening of the seventh seal saw the nations gathered together to Armageddon. "And there came a great voice \* \* \* saying, It is done." The calamity by which men have been fearfully attracted or terribly repelled for a generation is upon us, and who shall say that before the world has exhausted its horrors the language and imagery of religious prophecy, so often employed to describe the possibilities of the day of universal trial and suffering, will exceed the grim realities? Four of the great military powers of the Continent have appealed to the vast engines of destruction, on which for more than a generation they have expended countless millions, to determine their quarrel. From the Danube to the Seine a state of war prevails. Hundreds of thousands of combatants are already in motion; the movement of millions of armed men is impending. Europe is shaken by the tread of its embattled hosts. The bonds of union constructed by trade and commerce have been dissolved, and civilization has shrunk behind walls of bayonets and the instruments of slaughter. The reason on which we had depended to avert the tremendous conflict has been dethroned, and the religion which ought to have prevailed for the benefit of humanity has been claimed by the combatants to redeem what, on one side or the other, must be the worst of causes, each appealing confidently to a tribal God. So be it. The means have brought the tragic end. For decades Europe has groaned under the tyranny of the armed peace. Progress has been mocked by the conditions which a triumphant military system imposed. The fine dreams which enchanted the nineteenth century reformers and inspired so many heroic actions fled before the reality of liberty achieved for the sole end of magnifying a military despotism. As somebody has said, German and Italian enthusiasts fought for Paradise and found a parade ground. The conditions have proved to be intolerable. The structure poised on bayonets has toppled over; and in its



fall threatens to crush to the dust the nations beneath, and to paralyze for incalculable periods of time activities which the world can ill spare.

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## Their Verdict of War

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**George Washington:** My first wish is to see the whole world at peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should most contribute to the happiness of mankind.

**Abraham Lincoln:** With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive \* \* \* to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

**Emanuel Kant:** The method by which states prosecute their rights cannot under present conditions be a process of law, since no court exists having jurisdiction over them, but only war. But through war, even if it result in victory, the question of right is not decided.

**William Ellery Channing:** The doctrine that violence, oppression, in humanity, is an essential element of society, is so revolting that, did I believe it, I would say, let society perish, let man and his works be swept away, and the earth be abandoned to the brutes. Better that the globe should be tenanted by brutes than by brutalized men.

**Robert E. Lee:** But what a cruel thing is war, to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joy and happiness God has granted to us in this world to fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors and to devastate the fair face of the beautiful world.

**Victor Hugo:** A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the parliament is to England, what the diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France. A day will come when a cannon will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, shall be seen placed in presence of each other, extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean.

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## Suspicious

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Last spring the associate editor was appointed to visit a country ward near Salt Lake City. Arriving at the meetinghouse a little early for the meeting, no one was present except a boy who was standing in the yard watching with curious interest the new arrival. Having twenty minutes to spare, the editor determined to spend them with his young friend. After passing the time of day, they began to talk about the new schoolhouse—a lovely building, two stories high, built of brick, airy and clean.

"What do they call it?"

"Oakwood," said the boy.

"Why?"

"I don't know unless because there was once some oakbrush where it stands."

"What is that other unfinished building over there?"

"That's the new ward meetinghouse."

Then they leisurely walked over to inspect it. The visitor learned that the boy was ten years of age, not yet old enough to be a scout, but was going to be one when old enough. He was specially interested in the new house, and told the visitor that "it cost a good deal of money," but a man had promised to pay for a large colored window, at the gable end of the building, and that would "help a lot."

Returning, they continued the conversation, and being interested in vocations for young men, the editor said:

"What are you going to work at when you grow up?"

"I don't know."

"Are you going to be a farmer?"

After a pause, the boy said, "If there's one thing I don't like, it's farming—too many weeds."

"But it's a good business," said the visitor, "healthful and pleasant. I like it. You ought to see my garden. I have onions, beets, carrots, peas, cucumbers, beans and corn, and not a weed in the whole lot."

Another long pause. The young man looked up with a suspicious twinkle in his eye:

"Do you do the hoeing yourself, or do you make your boys do it?"

Luckily the bishop greeted them at the steps of the meeting-house at that moment, and the answer was postponed, but the incident taught the good lesson which all men need to learn, that embarrassment is sure to come to him who allows himself to carry unearned honors.

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### Messages from the Missions

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In a letter to James Dwyer, Allan S. Tingey, of Salt Lake City, writes from Augsburg, Germany: "The longer I stay over here the more I realize how blessed I am in being born in the tops of the mountains and of good 'Mormon' parents. Here are many poor people groping about in gross darkness for some one thing to grasp hold of, through which to earn a salvation in God's kingdom. They are sincere, and I believe at times that our merciful Father in heaven looks down upon them saying: 'My children, my children, how oft would I have gathered you under my wings as a hen gathereth her chicks, but

you would not.' The people are so firmly imbedded in their belief that it seems almost impossible to make them see the light. Day after day, I am turned away from their doors because their preacher has told them to have nothing to do with us. However, I am not discouraged, for I really feel that some day, perhaps, an elder will come here and be able to reap a harvest from the seeds which I have scattered here and there. We must remember that Rome was not built in a day, and neither can these people be brought to see this gospel in its true light in a single day, or even in a single year."

President Ray Finlinson of the Montana Conference, Northwestern States Mission, writes, July 1: "The work in this conference is prospering, and the spirit of enthusiasm accompanying the labors of



the elders aids them materially in placing the truth before many people. Elders laboring in the Butte branch, top row, left to right: Ray Finlinson, John Q. Dutson, Oak City; Henry Williams, Vernal, Utah; Logan Brimhall, Taylor, Arizona."

Elders James A. Loveless, Jr., and Marcus L. Robbins, Lancashire, England, June 14, 1914: "The city of Nelson is perhaps a town having more Socialists, in proportion to its population, than any other town in the United Kingdom. It is in the great cotton-weaving district of Lancashire. Weaving-sheds and smoke-stacks are numerous, and attract the visitor, and particularly the 'Mormon' elder who comes from the clear atmosphere of the mountain valleys. A thriving branch of the Liverpool Conference of the Church is located at Nelson. It is one of the four in the district, each about five miles apart. The people treat the elders well. Much street work is done; even during last summer when men openly opposed us on the streets, slandering our leaders, we were able to continue our work, due to the fair-mindedness of the people who gathered to listen. The people here are inclined to love pleasure more than religion, but we think persistent effort is sure to bring forth fruit. Elders who have labored in the Nelson Branch, Liverpool Conference, during the past year, stand-



ing, left to right: Marcus L. Robbins, Salt Lake; Oscar J. Hendry, Wellsville; sitting, James A. Loveless, Jr., Provo; C. Leroy Madsen, Salt Lake; Reuben J. Owen, Springville, Utah.



Charles I. Wilson, Dundee, Scotland, June 4: "The people here receive us and accept our literature very freely. They seem to be finding out that there are good things in 'Mormonism.' The main industries here are the manufacturing of jams and there are also a great number of jute mills which give employment to many young people. Elders in the picture, left to right, standing: George G. Howarth, Nephi; Evan G. Evans, Union, Oregon; top row: Charles I. Wilson and William H. Keysor, Salt Lake City.

W. Clarence Smith, York, England, July 3: "The Saints in the York branch, in the Hull Conference, are earnest and energetic workers in promulgating the gospel. This has caused many investigators to come out to our Sunday school and sacrament meetings. We have a well attended Sunday school. A portrait of the members is given herewith. Several shows have been playing here in York, such as "A 'Mormon' and His Wives," misrepresenting the Latter-day Saints, and these have caused some little strife. On the other hand, we have many friends who otherwise would not have listened to our preaching. The elders visit the Adult Bible school, not of our faith, regularly, and have had interviews with some of York's most prominent business men and ministers. Elders, middle row: Alex. Orgill, presiding





elder; Ray D. Nichols, president of the Hull Conference; front row, W. Clarence Smith, superintendent of Sunday school. The elders named wear buttonniers.

Elder R. Leo Rallison, Broken Hill, New South Wales, Australia, June 15: "Elder S. Glenn Merrill and I arrived in this city on April 3, last. This city is located about three hundred and thirty-five miles north of Adelaide and has a population of about 35,000. Lead, silver and zinc are mined here, and it is said that about one-fourth of the world's lead is produced here. It is called the barrier, and rightly named, too, because it is surrounded on all three sides by a vast, sterile desert. The rainfall during the year is about four or five inches, very irregular and uncertain, and keeps the people in constant fear of drought. The rain that falls is preserved in reservoirs and tanks from which it is used at the mines and for culinary purposes. This is a new field of labor and upon our arrival the people knew nothing of 'Mormonism' except the false reports they had read in magazines. A very few had ever seen a 'Mormon' before. We obtained permission to speak on the streets and have held some very successful street meetings and have met with exceptional success in tracting. Upon our arrival we found a friend in Mr. R. H. Trezise, a local Methodist preacher, and an investigator of our doctrines, who assisted us in many ways to obtain a start. We now have a number of friends and investigators and many have confessed that they had very erroneous conceptions of the Latter-day Saints and that they cannot get away from the plain and simple truths they have heard in our testimony.



The truths of 'Mormonism' must appeal to the honest in heart everywhere."

Elder J. Arthur Wood, Norwich conference, England: "The work of the Lord is prospering in this locality. The elders feel encouraged and hope to accomplish much in delivering their gospel message to the people, during the summer. We have a number of earnest investigators who attend our meetings, and we hope to increase the number considerably through open air meetings. We meet with some opposition and ridicule, but have a good attendance at our meetings. We consider opposition necessary for advancement, and believe it makes us more determined and causes a stronger feeling of unity among those who have affiliated themselves with the great latter-day work. The people are less prejudiced against us now than a year



ago. The ridiculous accusations are beginning to be considered by the people as so much wilful fabrication. In Ipswich, where we had so much trouble and persecution last year, the bitter feeling towards us has decreased considerably. We have many friends there at present, and our meetings are increasing in attendance. Elders, back row, left to right: J. G. Bullock, Provo; Wm. Werrett Jr., Silver City; F. L. Bentley, Parowan; J. B. Stewart Jr., Salt Lake City, Utah; Joseph R. Pendry, Paris, Idaho; F. E. Nelson, Logan; C. W. Tonks, Morgan, Utah; center row: J. R. Standage, Mesa, Arizona; J. Arthur Wood, Clerk of the Conference, Salt Lake City; James D. Thorne, conference president, Pleasant Grove, Utah; J. L. Nelson, Lorenzo, Idaho; Benjamin Ward, Richfield; front row: Henry Yates, Brigham City; R. Fay Facer, Hyrum, Utah."

## Priesthood Quorums' Table

**Answers to Questions.**—I. *Question:* When and by whom were the Nephites ordained to the Priesthood before the time of Christ?

*Answer:* Lehi, founder of the Nephite race, was a prophet of the Lord, in Jerusalem, and had the Priesthood before he was commanded of the Lord to leave the land of his nativity and journey to the promised land. Nephi, his son, also was a prophet, and held the Priesthood, and most likely the other sons of Lehi held the Priesthood also, but Laman and Lemuel failed to magnify their callings. Lehi and Nephi could not have conversed with the Lord as they did nor received the commandments which they recorded in their scriptures without holding the Holy Priesthood. Who ordained them is not stated in the Book of Mormon, but the Priesthood they held was conferred upon their posterity from generation to generation.

II. *Question:* Why did kings reign among the Nephites when they were keeping the commandments of God? They were promised that no kings should rule over them.

*Answer:* The promise was not made that, "no kings should rule over" the Nephites. The reference referred to is evidently that found in II Nephi 10:11-16. This prophecy had reference to the time of the Gentiles, and reads: "And this land shall be a land of liberty unto the Gentiles, and there shall be no kings upon the land, who shall raise up unto the Gentiles," etc. It has no reference to the Nephite nation. However, for hundreds of years the Nephites were ruled by Judges. (See Mosiah, 29th chapter.)

III. *Question:* When did the Nephites first begin to inhabit North America?

*Answer:* About six hundred years before the birth of Christ.



M. I. A. SCOUTS ON THE SUMMIT OF LITTLE MOUNTAIN, JULY  
24, 1914



# Mutual Work

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## Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1914-15

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The Senior text book for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, this season, is entitled "The Vocations of Man," and contains chapters on the need of vocations, division of labor, classification of man's activities, etc., agriculture, the trades, business, engineering, architecture, medicine, law, politics, teaching, art and music journalism, mining, manufacturing, research, science, inventions, etc. Each of the subjects is treated under the following headings: (1) number of people employed; (2) personal qualities desirable; (3) preparation necessary; (4) effect on the individual; (5) compensation; (6) opportunities for advancement; (7) conditions of success; (8) how to enter; (9) relation to other vocations and the community.

Dr. F. S. Harris, the author, has entered thoroughly into the details of the work, and has provided valuable data on every subject presented. It should be one of the most instructive and practical manuals that has ever been placed before our young men. The stake vocations and industries supervisors and the ward counselors, are invited to pay close attention to the lessons this year. They will be of great value and assistance in their vocation work, as well as highly beneficial to the young man seeking to know what to take up for his life's work.

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## The Y. M. M. I. A. Junior Manual, 1914-15

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The junior manual will consist of fifteen lessons on conduct, illustrated with about one hundred stories, in the series on "The Development of Character," now being studied by the junior classes. Among the chapters are these: service, sacrifice, belief in Providence, prayer, example, habit, obedience to counsel, courage, visions, inspirations, dreams, duty, truth, work, idleness, cleanliness, temperance, leisure, recreation, games and pleasure, and reverence. Officers of the association are referred to the "Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book," page 23, for instructions on how to organize and conduct junior classes effectively, and so that the boys may be recognized at the close of the season with the M. I. A. junior class-pin. Attendance, conduct, and the knowledge of the text are among the requirements. There were thirty-five wards in twenty-four stakes, and about 350 junior class members who received pins in 1913. The stakes should be doubled, the wards at least ten times as many, and the members indefinitely multiplied for the season of 1914. Get vigorous class leaders, and begin the work early. The lessons are attractive, and the stories of great moral value as well as being useful in story-telling and public-speaking.

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## Y. M. M. I. A. Reading Course, 1914-15

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For Seniors:

"Their Yesterdays"—Harold Bell Wright; price 50c.

"The Story and Philosophy of Mormonism"—Talmage; price 35c.

"The Fair God"—General Lew Wallace; price 50c.



**For Juniors:**

"Chester Lawrence"—Nephi Anderson; price 75c.

"The Young Farmer"—George B. Hall; price \$1.00.

"From Cattle Ranch to College,"—Russell Doubleday; price 50c.

### **Change of Officers in Canada**

A change in the superintendency of the Y. M. M. I. A. of the Taylor stake was effected at the late convention held in Raymond, Canada, August 12 and 13, 1914. Elder Mark H. Brimhall, who has served the organization as superintendent for over eleven years, resigned his position as stake superintendent and was released because of his being required to move out from the settlement to a ranch some eight miles away. Elder Mark Y. Croxall, of Raymond, was sustained as superintendent, with L. P. Skouson first, and D. C. Selman second counselor, and Octave Ursenbach secretary.

In the retirement of Superintendent Brimhall, the Y. M. M. I. A. loses a faithful officer who has devoted his energies for many years to the building up of the organization. He has faithfully put into practice the instructions of the General Board to the organizations, and as a result perceptible growth has characterized the membership in his stake. The ERA congratulates Superintendent Brimhall upon his labors in which he has doubtless found much pleasure in watching the growth and development of the young men morally and intellectually under his jurisdiction. We congratulate the new superintendent and trust that he may be as successful in the work.

### **The Short Drama**

After consideration it has been thought best to offer only the one act farce for this year. This may be obtained at the Deseret News Book Store, or the Salt Lake Costume House, Salt Lake City, for 15c per copy.

This farce is for ward, stake, district, stake and inter-stake contests, not for the June conference contest.

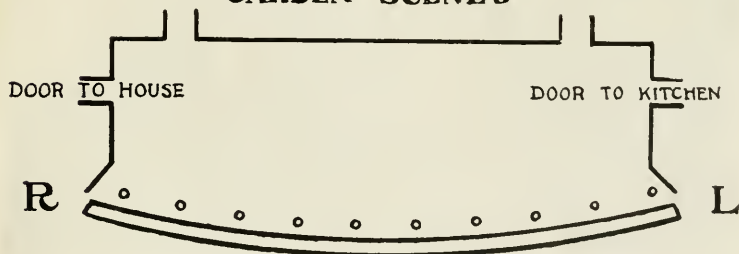
"The Obstinate Family"—a farce in one act.

Points for judgment:

1. Stage setting and stage business—33 1-3%.

Note: Each company should have the same outside setting on the stage as per diagram given below. This stage setting should

### **GARDEN SCENES**



be made jointly by the contesting companies. The arrangement of the furniture and properties of the inside is left to the individual companies.

2. The characterization of the individual parts and the sustaining of the characterization—33 1-3%.
  3. The team work (by this is meant the supporting of one character by another); the listening, and “by play” (action when not speaking; the promptness in picking up cues; in getting on and off the stage, and the keeping up of the movement of the play—33 1-3%.
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EACH YEAR M. I. A. SCOUTS “HIKE” OVER THE PIONEER TRAIL.  
ASCENDING LITTLE MOUNTAIN, JULY, 24, 1914



M. I. A. SCOUTS AROUND THE PIONEER TRAIL-MARK, SUMMIT OF  
BIG MOUNTAIN, JULY 23, 1914

## Passing Events

**Sugar prices in Utah** advanced three dollars per hundred in August, owing to the war in Europe. In England the price advanced in one day three times normal, sugar selling for thirteen cents a pound instead of four and a quarter.

**J. M. Sjodahl**, editor of the *Deseret Evening News*, recently tendered his resignation, after many years of faithful labor. Elder LeRoy Bourne, it was announced by the First Presidency, will occupy the position made vacant by Editor Sjodahl.

**From Scotland to Norway**, over the North Sea, in four hours and ten minutes, was the feat of Lieut. Tryggve Gran, a Norwegian aviator. He left Cruden Bay, Aberdeenshire, at 1:08 p. m., July 20, and arrived at Klep, near Stavanger, Norway, at 5:17 p. m., English time, covering a distance of 320 miles at an average speed of just over 76 miles an hour. It is said to be the longest aviation trip from land to land ever taken.

**Russia and Poland.** Russia, according to dispatches, has offered Poland autonomy, and the privilege of its own language, provided she will prove loyal to Russia under the present war. This is a remarkable offer for Russia to make. However, it is reported in the telegrams that Austria has also issued a proclamation to the Poles, calling upon them to join the Austro-Germanic army, as Austria will bring them freedom from Muscovite rule.

**The completion of the Orem Road to Provo.** A celebration of the completion of the Orem interurban road to Provo was held on the 14th of August, at Provo. Representatives from the surrounding cities and towns met, and, under the direction of the Provo Commercial Club, a suitable program was carried out. Speeches were made by Samuel C. Park, mayor of Salt Lake City, by Governor William Spry, and by President William C. Orem and others.

**The International Harvester Company** was declared to be a monopoly in restraint of inter-state and foreign trade by Judges Walter I. Smith and William C. Hook, in the United States court at St. Paul, August 12. The company was ordered dissolved. The corporation is capitalized at one hundred and forty millions, and is ordered to submit plans for the dissolution of the combination into at least three independent concerns, within ninety days. Failing in this, the court will entertain an application for the appointment of a receiver for all the properties of the corporation. George T. Odell, of the Consolidated Wagon & Machine Co., declared that the dissolution of the company would likely result in a raise rather than a lowering in price of farm machinery.

**President Joseph F. Smith visited Canada** with Presiding Bishop Charles W. Nibley and Bishop David A. Smith, in early August. They made an inspection of the foundation of the temple which is being erected in Cardston, and attended the Taylor and Alberta stake conferences. At the Cardston conference President Joseph F. Smith said, in relation to the raising of a local squadron by Major H. B. Brown for service in the army: "It is the duty of all Latter-day Saints to be

loyal to the country in which they reside, and if exigencies should arise in Canada, as they have arisen in England, our blessed motherland, the Latter-day Saints are prepared to do their part. If you here are called to the defense of your country we want you to be loyal. Ours is a blessed country, and we will defend it with our lives if necessary. We do not want war and bloodshed, but if they come, and your services are required, be loyal and help to defend your country." The company returned, after a ten days' visit, on August 14, 10 a. m.

**Mr. J. S. Perkins**, formerly assistant manager of the Herald Square Hotel, New York, and at present associated with the Marlborough Hotel, 36-37 Broadway, New York, pays the following splendid tribute to the character of the Latter-day Saints, particularly do his statements apply to the missionaries whom he has principally entertained. He says in a letter to Mr. W. C. Spence of Salt Lake City:

"During the past twenty-five years I have roomed possibly ten thousand 'Mormons,' and wish to say that I have never known one of them to leave a hotel with his bill unpaid, nor did I ever see one of them under the influence of liquor, two cardinal virtues which I think might be successfully copied by communicants of other denominations. I have no particular creed myself, other than a firm belief in the Ten Commandments and future rewards and punishments. I firmly believe that every man has a right to worship God in his own way, under his own vine and fig tree as he may see fit, with no one to molest or make him afraid."

**Mrs. Woodrow Wilson**, wife of the President of the United States, died at the White House, August 6, 1914. Death came after a brave struggle of months against brights disease with complications. The president's tender for peace to the warring nations of Europe, was written while he was sitting at the bedside of Mrs. Wilson. Every moment that could be spared from his office the president spent at her side. She was his constant co-worker in the past. On the morning of her death, the Senate, realizing her condition, passed in silent concurrence her Alley bill for the destruction of Washington slums, a bill in which she was deeply interested. While she was still conscious, this cheering news was brought to her. It was the strain of social work, and the duties of entertainment that sapped her life. The whole nation sympathizes with the President in the great grief that has come upon him. "The people grieve," one editor has stated, as quoted in the *Literary Digest*, "but at such a time as this there is no way for any mortal man to lighten the load or lessen the grief of President Wilson." Mrs. Wilson's body was buried at Myrtle Hill cemetery, Rome, Ga., August 11. Thousands of visitors came to Rome to do honor to her memory, and a Sabbath-like quiet prevailed.

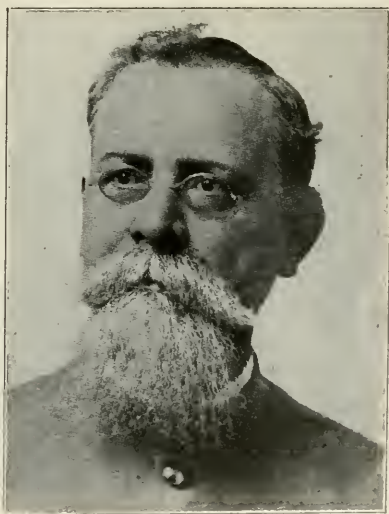
**Ithamar Sprague.**—In reading in the ERA No. 7 of the resting place of the Saints at Mount Pisgah, and having brothers and sisters laid to rest there, I beg a small space in your magazine for a brief incident in the life of my father, Ithamar Sprague. After my father joined the "Mormon" Church he met and married a girl by the name of Betsy Gardner. She was not in the Church, but he married her in hopes of converting her to his faith later on. This, however, required a long time. She would say to him, "I don't believe in your faith, but I believe in you. Where you go I will go, and what you suffer I will suffer in life." At Pisgah they lost three children, the name of one being Fonzo. After they gathered with the Saints my father's wife said to him one day: "Isn't death an awful thing. We are married



until death do us part. Death to me looks like a leap into the dark, and I fear that we shall never see our children again. The Latter-day Saints believe that we will meet on the other side of the veil and be more happy there than we are here with those whom we have loved upon the earth. This is a glorious principle, and I wish to be baptized this very day." She then joined the Church.

When she was sick at Pisgah she told my father: "I am going to die and when the Saints have built a temple I want you to do the work for me and my folks." She then bade him good-bye, and stated that she and the children would meet him beyond the veil. The work in the Temple has been done, and my mother undoubtedly has received the blessings and is associating with her little ones. I desire to get this stated about my father and mother. I was born in the old fort, at Ogden City, in 1851. I lost my beloved wife over two years ago. Your brother in the gospel, Ithamar Sprague, Jr.

**Entrance into the City of Mexico** by the Constitutionalists was delayed by the insistence of General Carranza that the surrender of the city by the Federals, under Carbajal, should be unconditional. To this Carbajal did not agree, and hence, on August 13, he retired with his army and associates from the City of Mexico, leaving it to Eduardo Sturbide, governor of the Federal District, who later signed a formal peace pact with General Obregon, representing the Constitutionalists. This document formed the basis under which the Constitutionalists were to enter the capital. It guaranteed the life and property of the citizens, and promised a peaceful occupation. President Carbajal and his associates went to Vera Cruz and the Federal army, under Velasco, former minister of war, retired to some place unknown, having first taken with them considerable war material. President Carbajal issued a manifesto to the nation prior to his leaving, in which he said, according to the dispatches, that he had done his best in a provisional capacity to save the country from further bloodshed, but his peaceful overtures had been met on the part of the Constitutionalists by uncompromising demands for an unconditional surrender.



CARRANZA—THE NEW RULER  
OF MEXICO

Two paths lay before him, he said—to fight or accede to the Constitutionalists. Under such conditions the president claimed that his government could not longer exist, and he concluded:

"I leave the high post which I have occupied in the belief that I have fulfilled my duty toward my country, and entrust the lives and interests in the capital to the governor of the federal district.

"The whole responsibility for the future rests with the revolution, and if we should behold with affliction a repetition of the situation, which I am trying to put an end to, the truth will be manifested once more that by violence society cannot be reconstructed."

General Obregon took peaceful possession of the City of Mexico on August 15. He and his soldiers were greeted by the citizens with cheers. The city was gaily decorated, and for the first time in many months, the American flag flew beside the Mexican colors. General Carranza, with the main body of the army, were scheduled to enter Mexico City on Thursday, the 20th. There is said to be great friction between General Villa and First Chief Carranza, and a new revolution is feared.

**The Panama Canal.**—The "Alliance," of the Panama line, was the first ship to pass through Gatun locks on June 8, preliminary to the official opening, August 15. The picture shows this ocean liner leaving the upper west chamber on her way to Gatun lake, on the Pacific side of the divide. It is said that it took an hour and twenty-four minutes for this vessel to ascend from the sea level to Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet. The return trip was about ten minutes longer. The "Alliance" passed through the locks on June 8. While she is only a small steamer and had only a gross tonnage of four thousand when she went through the lock, the test is considered as good as if she had been one of the biggest liners afloat. The experimental trip was to try out the electrical towing machines, which operated with the accuracy of a per-



fectly regulated clock. The speed by which the test was made, however, is not considered indicative of the time that it will require to take a larger ship through the locks. The canal was officially opened on August 15, "free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations on terms of entire equality." The war department liner "Ancon" passed the entire canal in nine hours, accompanied with playing of bands, ringing of bells, shrieking of whistles, and decked in flags and ensigns of all nations, the Stars and Stripes fluttering to the jack staff, and many high government officials taking part, including Colonel Goethals, who was instrumental in bringing the monstrous task to a successful end.

**The European war** came about in this manner: Austria and Servia came to serious relations on July 23, when the former country dis-

patched a note to Belgrade, the capital of the latter. This note referred to the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, as the culmination to anti-Austrian conspiracies hatched by Pan-Slavic sympathizers under Servian protection. This was the immediate firebrand that started the European war conflagration, though the primary cause dates many years into the past. Austria demanded that Servia give definite assurance henceforth to prevent anti-Austrian agitators from carrying on their propaganda in that country. The demand was sharp and unusual and required also that Austrian officers should have part in the investigation of the alleged propaganda. On the 26th, Servia announced that she would comply with most of Austria's demands, but wished that the stipulation that the Austrian officers take part in the investigation be referred for settlement to The Hague. The reply of Servia was unsatisfactory to the Austrian government, which denounced it as "filled with the spirit of dishonesty, which clearly leaves it to be seen that the Servian government is not seriously determined to put an end to the culpable tolerance it hitherto has extended to intrigues against the Austro-Hungary monarchy." Then, on July 28, Austria declared war against Servia, her stand being, according to her ambassador to the United States, "the defensive act of a man whose bedroom was being entered at midnight by an assassin." The next day Austrian artillery began bombarding Belgrade, the war spreading thence until it has transformed Europe from a peaceful continent into an unparalleled battlefield. It has plunged the leading nations of Europe into what public opinion in America considers a war "senseless, insane and utterly without cause"—a war in which the European powers, after ten years of careful preparation, are at last arrayed in a struggle the like of which has no comparison since Europe was arrayed against Napoleon one hundred years ago.

With Austria invading Servia, Russia became alarmed, not only for political reasons, but because the Russians are in fraternal sympathy with the Serbs, being men of a similar race and kind—both Slavs. The war is fundamentally a war of Teuton against Slav. Russia began to mobilize her army to aid the Serbs. It was set forth, also by her, that Austria had forced important railroad concessions from Turkey, seized Bosnia and Herzegovina, and interfered with the Balkan states both before and after their war with Turkey. All this had been committed against the desires and "benevolent intervention" of Russia. "We have stood this thing for seven and a half years," said Czar Nicholas to his ministers, "that is enough." France, of course, fell in line with her ally.

Then Germany, whose political and race sympathies are with Austria, and whose political eye is on the Balkans, protested against the warlike preparations in Russia. The chancellor for Kaiser Wilhelm stated: "While we, at Russia's request, mediated in Vienna, the Russian forces were raised on our almost open frontier, and France, though she did not mobilize, admits that she took some military measures." Germany, therefore, sent Russia an ultimatum asking that mobilization be stopped. This was not heeded, and Germany therefore declared martial law July 31, and on August 1 declared war on Russia. The kaiser said that "Germany goes into battle with a clear conscience," and considers the present situation the result of ill-will existing for years against the strength and prosperity of the German empire. The first army movement was to invade Luxemburg and Belgium as a military necessity. This was justified, on the part of Germany, to prevent a French invasion, and to secure an easier entrance into France, and it was announced that the wrong was to be made good when the military object was achieved. Belgium being threatened with invasion, that country called upon Great Britain to aid in



the maintenance of its integrity and neutrality under the treaty of 1839.

Great Britain, after King George had done all in his power to establish peace, then declared war on Germany, feeling, according to Sir Edward Grey, that "we could not barter our interests or our obligations." This was followed by a declaration of war between Austria and Russia and later by Britain against Austria. A great battle was fought at Liege continuing during the early days of August, the Germans losing many thousands of soldiers and the Belgians at heavy loss successfully defending their forts. However, the Germans entered the interior on their way to the French border where, at this writing, millions of soldiers are concentrating for a decisive battle such as, perhaps, has never been witnessed before in the world's history.

A brief summary of the chief events following the first declaration of war by Austria is here given:

July 28.—Austria declares war on Servia and Russia moves troops toward Austrian frontier.

July 29.—Russia partially mobilizes 1,200,000 men. All European bourses, except in Paris, are closed. Belgrade is bombarded.

July 30.—Emperor William bids Russia cease mobilization within twenty-four hours or Germany will fight. Prices on New York stock exchange drop to lowest level since the panic of 1907. Special reserves are called out in Great Britain.

July 31.—Germany declares martial law. New York stock exchange closes its doors for the first time since 1873. The British fleet leaves Plymouth.

August 1.—Germany declares war on Russia. German and French border patrols exchange shots. Formal mobilization orders are issued in France and Germany. Italy refuses to join forces with Germany and Austria, declaring that her alliance is only defensive. Trans-Atlantic service between New York and continental Europe is suspended.

August 2.—Russia invades Germany. Germany invades France, Belgium and Luxemburg. Belgium appeals to England.

August 3.—The German fleet is reported to have attacked Russian ships and ports in the Baltic Sea. England announces she will protect France from naval attack. General mobilization begun in France.

August 4.—England declares war against Germany and definitely binds herself to the support of France and Belgium. The neutrality of the United States was proclaimed by President Woodrow Wilson.

August 5.—German forces attack Liege, Belgium. President Wilson, as chief of the greatest state signatory to The Hague convention, tendered his good office for peace to any and all of the conflicting nations of Europe.

August 6.—Austria and Russia declare war on each other.

August 13.—The British government declares a state of war existing between Great Britain and Austria-Hungary.

August 17.—Japan sends Germany an ultimatum requesting Germany to clear the eastern seas of her warships by August 23.

**Pope Pius X** died at Rome, at 1:20 o'clock, on the morning of August 20, 1914. His last words held forth a regret that he was unable to stem the tide of warfare which is sweeping over Europe. He said: "In ancient times, the Pope by a word might have stayed the slaughter, but now he is impotent." He was born near Venice, June 2, 1835; ordained Priest in 1858; appointed Cardinal and Patriarch of Venice in 1893, and elected Pope, August 9, 1903. He was a man of peace and friendly to both the sides of the present war.



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Elders David H. Cannon and E. C. Samuels, Birmingham, England: "Permit us to express as best we can in a few words the worth of the ERA to us. Its arrival is hailed with pleasure and we are always glad to peruse its columns which are so full of reading to aid us in explaining the restored gospel and also to afford us a few moments diversion. As two of the many elders and saints who enjoy it we extend to you our thanks for it."

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### TABLE OF CONTENTS

"Truth Shall Spring Out of the Earth".....	L. A. Ramsey.....	Frontispiece
Cumorah and the Nephite Record .....	Joseph Smith .....	1001
Preparation for Missionary Life.....	James G. Duffin.....	1003
The Parable of the Unwise Bee.....	Dr. James E. Talmage....	1008
A Righteous Woman's Recompense. A Story.....	Lella Marler Hoggan....	1010
"I Saw Another Angel Fly." An Anthem.....	C. J. Thomas.....	1030
Tell Her, O Passing Cloud. A Poem:.....	Alfred Lambourne .....	1039
The Evolution Hypothesis: What it Is.....	Robert C. Webb.....	1040
Cheerful Thoughts. A Poem.....	Joseph L. Townsend.....	1047
Discoveries on the Colorado—IX. Illustrated	Joseph F. Anderson.....	1048
Slander. A Poem.....	Sarah E. Hawley Pearson..	1055
Jeanne, a Tale of the Hills.....	Grace Zenor Robertson..	1056
Could We But Understand. A Poem.....	Grace Ingles Frost.....	1058
Small Things Make Up Life.....	J. C. Hogenson.....	1059
Hebrew Idioms and Analogies in the Book of Mormon—VII .....	Thomas W. Brookbank..	1061
"Whatsoever Thou Shalt Bind on Earth Shall Be Bound in Heaven".....	Joseph S. Peery.....	1064
War and Retribution.....	Dr. Joseph M. Tanner....	1067
The Value of Opportunity.....	John E. Russell.....	1069
Mar-ga-ret. A Poem.....	Harrison R. Merrill.....	1073
Editors' Table—The Great War—Austria and Servia—The Great War of the Nations— Their Verdict of War—Suspicious.....		1074
Messages from the Missions.....		1080
Priesthood Quorums' Table.....		1085
Mutual Work—Y. M. M. I. A. Manuals for 1914-15—Y. M. M. I. A. Reading Course, 1914-15—Change of Officers in Canada—The Short Drama—Pictures of Scouts on Pioneer Trail .....		1086
Passing Events .....		1089

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